

FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 28, 1972

TIME

The New Miss Show Biz

Liza Minnelli



After a point you're not buying any more car.
You're just spending more money.



The '72 Ford LTD. Quiet Plus.



Inside the luxurious '72 LTD: From the left, Ford's "Front Room," *power sunroof, coved instrument cluster and *reclining passenger seat. *Optional.

You can spend hundreds more for a car. But you can't get much more car than a '72 Ford LTD.

It comes with power steering, power front disc brakes, automatic transmission. It offers just about all the options of more expensive cars—for example, a power sunroof, stereo tape player, automatic temperature control.

Even more. Because it's a Ford, an LTD gives you a rugged "S" frame. A 4-coil suspension system. Ford's famous Quiet Ride.

The Ford LTD. It's luxurious. It's quiet. It's built to last. Before you spend more, ask yourself if you're really getting any more.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

The '72 LTD Brougham (above) is shown with optional vinyl roof, deluxe wheel covers, whitewall tires and power sunroof.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



Can your widow collect Social Security if she receives monthly payments from your life insurance policy?

Certainly.

According to law, monthly life insurance payments will not disqualify your widow from receiving her full Social Security benefits.

That's because monthly life insurance payments don't count as earned income. Regardless of the size of the payments.

If you'd like to know more about life insurance, send today for a free copy of our fact-filled 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance". This will help the next time you have a talk with one of the trained life insurance agents in your community.

Mail me a free copy of your 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance".

Name _____

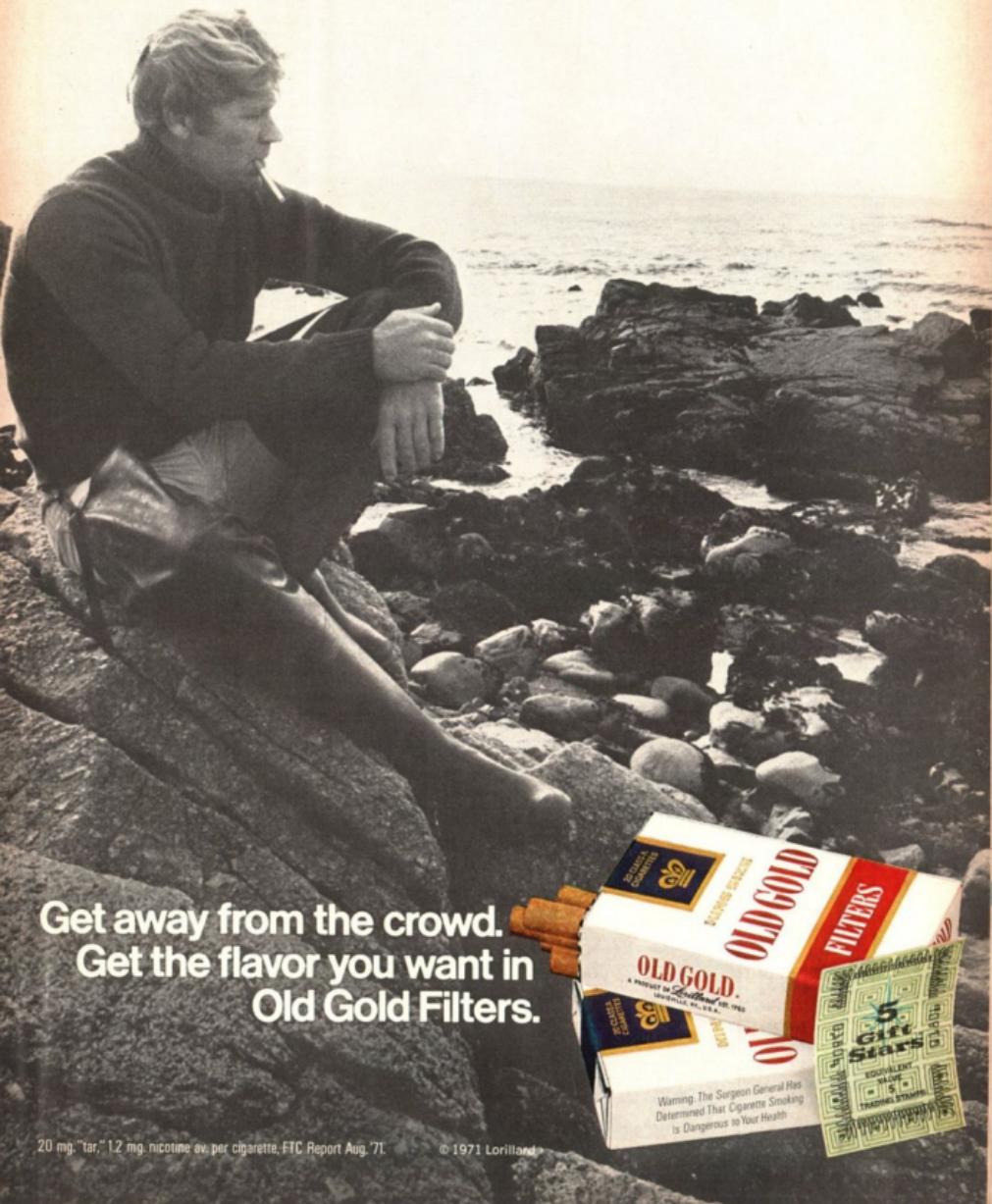
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance.
277 Park Avenue, Dept. A2, New York, N.Y. 10017



**Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.**



20 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

© 1971 Lorillard

LETTERS



POVERTY IS KID STUFF

Ask Nida. She's an expert.

Nida has learned her subject well. She's learned to sleep on a bamboo mat in the same room as the six others in her family. Because all their house has is one room.

She's learned to get by on two meals a day—usually porridge and boiled bananas. And maybe some rice and vegetables on good days.

She's learned to walk barefoot in the dirty rubble of her village, because there's no money for shoes. And to expect only one new dress a year—at Christmastime.

And since her father has tuberculosis and can't work regularly, and her mother earns very little as a laundress, she's learned that school is a luxury. In a few years, like an older brother and sister, she may have to go to work as a peddler. A family must survive.

Poverty is all she knows now! But you can show her, or someone just like her, that there is help and hope in this world.

Through Foster Parents Plan, you can provide nourishing food, clothing, medical care and education for a child in a family the world has forgotten. All it costs is \$16.00 a month. And you can follow their progress through regular monthly letters from your Foster Child.

Poverty is kid stuff? It doesn't have to be.

SIGN HERE NOW... PLEASE

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.

352 Park Avenue South, New York 10010



PARTIAL LIST OF FOSTER PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen

Arthur Ashe, Jr.

Burt Bacharach

Senator Edmund S. Muskie

Senator John G. Tower

Duke University

General Electric

I want to be a Foster Parent for a year or more of a boy _____ girl _____

age _____ country _____ Where the need is greatest _____

I enclose my first payment of: \$16.00 Monthly _____ \$48.00 Quarterly _____

\$96.00 Semi-annually _____ \$192.00 Annually _____

I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of \$_____

Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____ Date _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Telephone No. _____

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Republic of Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are tax deductible.

In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto 7, Ontario

Power and Glory

Sir / It is clear that the German-born Henry Kissinger [Feb. 7] is the one who is running both the domestic and international affairs of our nation. Here we find a playboy who enjoys and practices the full power of the presidency with no responsibility whatsoever to anyone. Any vote for Richard Nixon is a vote for that hedonist Kissinger to lead our nation to the ultimate bankruptcy.

ABDO A. ELKHOLY

De Kalb, Ill.

Sir / Why don't we just rip off the façade and make Kissinger President? He has played Edgar Bergen long enough.

FRANK KLOCK

Corona del Mar, Calif.

Sir / Are we a people who are so naive that we honestly think the Communists will negotiate peace when they hold all the cards? Whether Mr. Kissinger or President Nixon realizes it or not, the mere presentation of a plan will do nothing to further a settlement in Asia. That will only come when we are willing to agree to their terms. Let's stop playing politics and do something!

DAVID N. HATHAWAY

Montgomery, Ala.

Sir / Your story called Kissinger's twelve trips to Paris "furtive." Why didn't you say "furtive and futile"?

GLENDON HACKNEY

Indianapolis

Holden Caulfield Today

Sir / Many thanks for Stefan Kanfer's Essay "Holden Today" [Feb. 7]. Yes, Holden Caulfield, the 16-year-old hero of *The Catcher in the Rye*, is already one of the immortals of American literature. But to think of him as a schoolteacher at 36—never! I would sooner imagine him line coach of the Dallas Cowboys!

LEO R. RIDDLE
Spruce Pine, N.C.

Sir / Long live Holden Caulfield, no matter what his chronological age! Your Essay reacquainted me with an old, valued friend who eased my prep school muddles by making me realize they were the rule rather than the exception.

Even though Holden may be pushing 40, my own students still regard him as the representative youth who voices problems they have just begun to grasp. I was relieved to read that Holden has finally made it. But married, a father, a teacher—and a loyal servant of the Establishment! What a sellout.

(MRS.) KATHRYN ABERMAN
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir / If you really want to hear about it, I respectfully submit that Holden Caulfield is not "pushing 40" for the same reason that Hamlet is not pushing 400. Both of these "mixed-up kids" have something to say to all ages, as evidenced by their faithful following; they will never "grow up."

EDWARD MCINTYRE
De Kalb, Ill.

Sir / What you've done, buddy, you've given your readers a glorious vision of a superannuated Holden Caulfield shoving Maalox into his mouth and peering near-

35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

The Literary Guild is all the books you want to read.



Join now. Any 4 for \$1.

You merely agree to buy four other books* during the coming year.

It's all here. A selection as varied as the world around you. From the latest best sellers to Tracy and Hepburn's close personal and professional relationship to a controversial study of Hirohito's role in World War II. The Literary Guild gives you the books that take you wherever you want to go.

And we save you money while we're doing it. Guild books are offered at an average of at least 30% below the prices of publishers' editions, plus a small charge for shipping and handling. Join today. The world doesn't wait. Neither should you.

8235. THE WINDS OF WAR

Hermon Wouk.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)
3046. WHEELS
Arthur Hailey.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)
1022. THE BLUE KNIGHT
Joseph Wambaugh.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)
8227. TRACY AND HEPBURN
Garson Kanin.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

1578. THE TALLULAH
Memories of a Girl.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

3457. HONOR THY

Father Gay Talese.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)
0613. OUR GANG
Philip Roth.
(Pub. edition, \$5.95)

3316. VARIOUS BEHAVIOUR

John Mortimer.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

1448. THE EXORCIST

William Peter Blatty.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)
0605. CONTEMPORARY
WORLD ATLAS

(Pub. edition, \$12.95)

830. HENRY VIII AND HIS COURT

Neville Williams.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

312. IN THE SHADOW OF MAN

Jane Goodall.
(Pub. edition, \$10.00)

821. THE PEANUT KINGDOM: A Life in Writing

Philip Roth.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

1452. LIMBIE

Joan Silver
and Linda Gottlieb.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

1154. MURRAY THE RABBI

Turneroff for the Jewish
Newspaper.
(Pub. edition, \$5.95)

2402. F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

TENDER IS THE NIGHT,
THE GREAT GATSBY,
THE LAST TYCOON

(Pub. edition, \$10.00)

2222. THE RA EXPEDITION

Thor Heyerdahl.
(Pub. edition, \$10.00)

0605. BEAR ISLAND

Alastair MacLean.
(Pub. edition, \$5.95)

2022. THE CHANDLER HERITAGE

Archibald MacLeish.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

7514. VOLUME TWO: MASTERING THE ART OF WRITING

Julia Child &
Simone Beck.
(Pub. edition, \$12.50)

3590. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

John Toland.
(Pub. edition, \$12.50)

0240. VOYAGE TO THE FIRST OF DECEMBER

Philip Carabine.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

0042. THE ARKHEITER

Affair Neil Sheehan.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

1580. THERE WAS

THE KINGDOM
K. F. Odebergfeld.
(Pub. edition, \$8.95)

2814. SOON I SINCERELY WANT TO BE RICH!*

Godfrey Hodgson.
Robert Lowell
and Charles Raw.
(Pub. edition, \$8.95)

0292. THE FATE OF THE FATHER

Stanley Leomis.
(Pub. edition, \$9.95)

0463. POOR COUSIN

Archibald MacLeish.
(Pub. edition, \$8.95)

0513. SHADOWS IN PARADISE

Erich Maria Remarque.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

Join the Literary Guild

Dept. AL 617, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Literary Guild and send me the introductory package. I have enclosed my check in the boxes below. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling for all 4.

About every 4 weeks, send me the Literary Guild Magazine describing the Featured Selection plus at least 50 Alternate choices. If I wish to receive the Selection, I need only indicate on the order form that I want it automatically. Whenever I prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, simply notify me by the date specified by returning the convenient form always provided. I need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. I will receive the books at a savings of at least 30% off the prices offered, plus average 30% below the prices of publishers' editions, plus a modest charge for shipping and handling. For each monthly Selection or Alternate I accept, I may choose a bonus book from the Guild's Bonus Book Catalog. I may cancel my membership at any time for as little as \$1. NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return the introductory package within 10 days. Membership will be canceled – I will owe nothing.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only; Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

50-G894

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered slightly in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

One side of the POW question is not complicated. That's the human side.

ALTHOUGH the prisoner-of-war question is often complex and even confusing, one side of it should be very simple. That's the part that deals with the treatment of prisoners of war. That's not a political issue, but a human issue.

Of course, we all want the war to end and the prisoners of war to be released as soon as possible.

But meanwhile there is no need for Hanoi and its allies to delay even a day in answering this plea:

Let your POW camps in North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos be visited by neutral observers.

Let the world know the names of the men you have held so long in secret captivity.

Assure the world through unbiased official observers that you are treating American Prisoners according to humane standards long practiced by civilized nations.

That's the issue.

It's that simple.

It's that non-political.

It's that human.

Hanoi can open its prison camps to neutral observers without bargaining, even without consultation.

By doing so now, Hanoi would earn the gratitude of millions of Americans and find new stature in the eyes of the world.

SUPPORT OUR PLEA TO HANOI AND ITS ALLIES:

Clear away the doubts—
Open your prison camps to
neutral observers...
now!

We ask no more than we give. All American and South Vietnamese prison camps are inspected regularly by official neutral observers—The International Committee of the Red Cross.



National League of Families of
American Prisoners
and Missing in Southeast Asia.

1608 "K" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

sightedly into the medicine-cabinet mirror in an attempt to meditate his hairline out of receding.

Make him into a monk if you have to, but don't turn him into a hick with no vision. If Holden Caulfield did turn out to be a schoolteacher, he would take infinite delight in the shine on the braces of the boy sitting in the third row, or something. He would know that was why he was pushing the rock all over the place.

ELLEN BILGORE
New York City

Sir / Stefan Kanfer's Essay was more than bad. It was Dr. Joyce Brothers on the Virgin Mary.

ROBBIE WRIGHT
Granada, Spain

Forest of Lunatics

Sir / Hugh Sidey's Essay on the presidential campaign [Jan. 31] is a cry of sanity in a forest of lunatics. It is high time, in this day of megagovernment and increasing restriction of personal freedom, that the men who determine the course of our lives cease conducting themselves like a bunch of clowns. As a former political activist, I have had much personal experience with the hoopla you mention. If anything, you have understated the problem. I sincerely believe that a candidate who conducted a dignified, out-front campaign could easily cap the youth and independent vote.

WILLIAM R. HENKLE JR.
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Sir / Wow! A campaign could again be exciting if people would follow Mr. Sidey's suggestions. I'm old enough to remember when campaigns and conventions

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Miss / Mrs. / Mr.
Name _____ (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TO SUBSCRIBE
TO TIME check
below and fill in
your name and
address above.

1 year \$14

MAIL TO: TIME
541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois
60611

ATTACH
LABEL HERE
for address
change or
cancel. If you
are receiving
duplicate
copies of
TIME, please
send both
labels.
If you
get
new address
above, your
subscription
will end with
the issue given
at the right
of
label.
Example: a
new address
subscription
will end with
the last issue
of June, 1974.

were exciting and worth reading about. Now I approach the season with nothing but dread.

(MRS.) MARY LOUISE ROBINSON
Bayard, Iowa

Psychiatric Prisoners

Sir / In your article on the use of mental hospitals to suppress dissent in the Soviet Union [Feb. 7], you quote me as estimating "that about 150 political prisoners are held in KGB-controlled mental wards in otherwise ordinary psychiatric hospitals, or in special 'institutes' directly under KGB authority."

Unfortunately, what I said over the telephone has become distorted. I said that about 150 political prisoners are known to me to have been held in recent years in Soviet mental institutions, but I stressed that the total number of such prisoners is probably much higher, there being no way at present of estimating accurately the total figure.

Secondly, the "psychiatric hospitals of special type" (to use the Soviet terminology) are, strictly speaking, subject to the authority of the Ministry of Internal Affairs (MVD), not the KGB. This fact does not, of course, prevent the KGB from exercising wide control in them.

Apart from these points, your report on this subject struck me as accurate and useful.

PETER REDDAWAY
Lecturer in Political Science
London School of Economics
London

Bombs for Balalaikas

Sir / I read your epithet-laden piece of "objective" reporting, "Bombs for Balalaikas" [Feb. 7]. The Jewish Defense League's message is not and never has been one of hate; on the contrary, the league emphasizes love for one's persecuted brothers in the Soviet Union; its members are not "clearly dangerous" but are courageously attempting to rend asunder the fatal curtain of silence that fell between American Jews and their brothers who were being butchered, gassed and burned during World War II.

I personally deplore the bombings, but TIME has desecrated the memory of 6,000,000 murdered Jews by cruelly branding as "storm troopers" those of us who fight desperately and alone to prevent a repetition of the holocaust.

AVI BITTON
New York City

Sir / Yevtushenko the archhypocrite, the pusher of Soviet propaganda, is peddling his hard stuff to the hate-Amazkia junkies, who are eagerly mainlining it; while those Russians with moral sanity and real courage are being shunted into Siberian asylums. The stars in our flag are bullet holes, he howls. One object in his flag is the hammer of truth, and the other is the sickle of state that cuts down those who dare to lift it.

NEIL G. BRAYLEY
San Francisco

Stamps or Jets

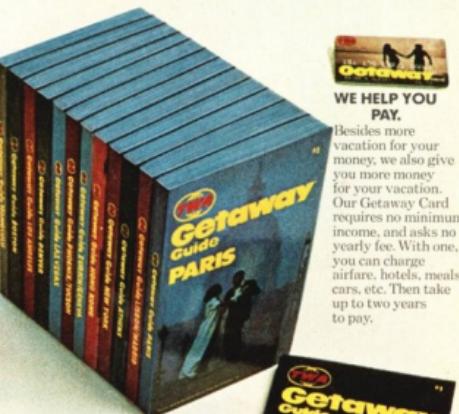
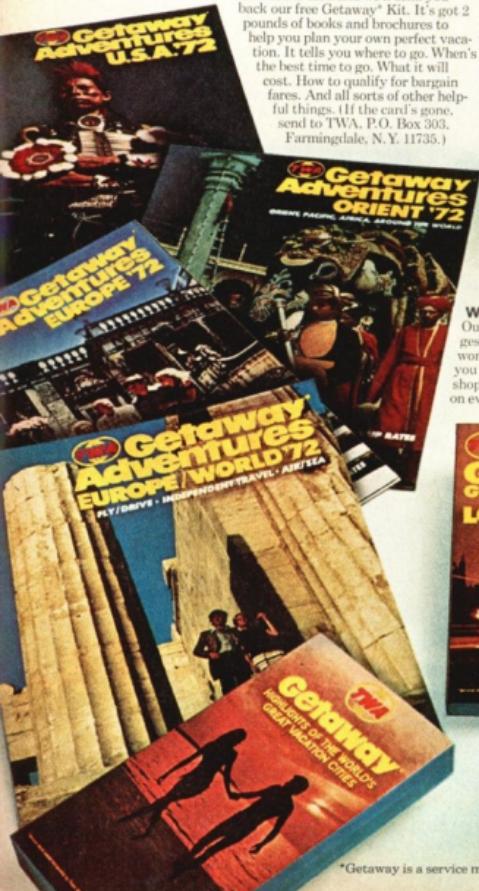
Sir / Speaking as a private person and not as the grandson of His Highness the Ruler of Ajman, permit me to say that your story "Vacuum in the Gulf" [Feb. 7] errs in describing the fishing industry of my state as "primitive." In fact, ships of Ajman registry constitute the largest

HOW TO GET MORE VACATION FOR YOUR MONEY.

TWA's GETAWAY PROGRAM FOR 1972.

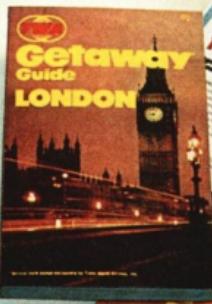
WE HELP YOU PLAN.

Send us the card and we'll send you back our free Getaway® Kit. It's got 2 pounds of books and brochures to help you plan your own perfect vacation. It tells you where to go, when's the best time to go, what it will cost. How to qualify for bargain fares. And all sorts of other helpful things. (If the card's gone, send to TWA, P.O. Box 305, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.)



WE HELP YOU SAVE.

Our Getaway Guidebooks are the biggest sellers in the business. No wonder. For only \$1 apiece, they help you find the best hotels, restaurants, shops, etc. Then get you discounts on everything.

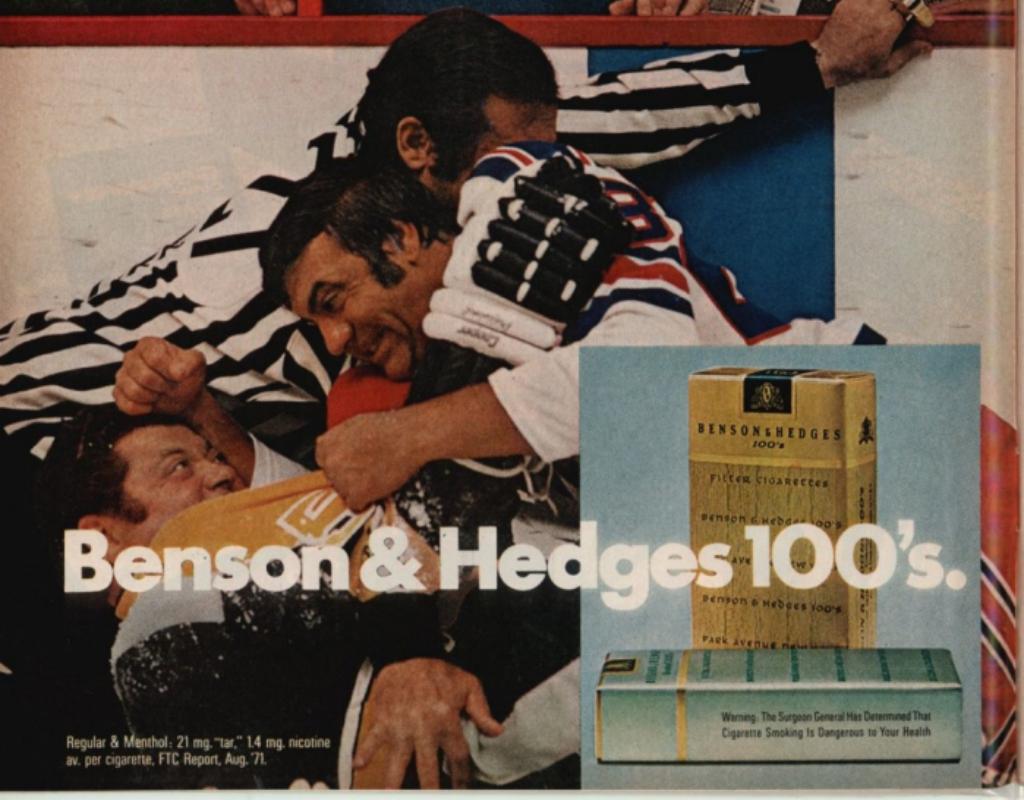


WE HELP YOU PAY.

Besides more vacation for your money, we also give you more money for your vacation. Our Getaway Card requires no minimum income, and asks no yearly fee. With one, you can charge airfare, hotels, meals, cars, etc. Then take up to two years to pay.

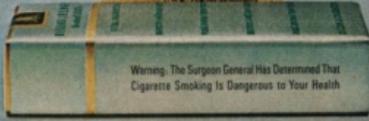


America's Favorite Cigarette Break.



Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular & Menthol. 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report, Aug. '71.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

LETTERS

diesel-powered trawling fleet (47 vessels) in the lower Gulf. Moreover, our skies, waters and beaches are crystal clear—so whose industry is "primitive"?

Your article said one true thing: Ajman's sale of commemorative postage stamps does help its economy. My American friends tell me that this is a better way of boosting national income than peddling Phantom jets to half the world.

SAIJKH ABDUL-AZIZ
BIN HUMAID AL-NAIMI
St. Louis

Sir / You said that the Union of Arab Emirates was "linked only by language (Arabic) and faith (Islam)." I fail to understand what you mean by "only." Do you mind telling us in simple words what unites underpopulated Nevada with overpopulated California, and rich Texas with impoverished Kentucky? Enlighten us on how the unsuspecting and equal "tribes" of the blacks, Jews, Puerto Ricans, Irish and Italians live and live with each other in New York City.

HAITHAM GOUSSOUS
Athens, Ohio

Canalotto Alone

Sir / You've Giotto be kidding about the pun game in the art world [Feb. 7]. Why Wood I write this letter after I Rembrandt your animal puns last year?

Well, *Que Seurat, Seurat.*

What do you do when you walk your dog in New York? Courbet.

What do you find between Fran's bedrooms and living room? Frans Hals.

What do you do with the barrel so we'll have a barrel of fun? Rouault.

What do you do with a bunch of Fritos? Munch.

What did the lady buy to go with the peanut butter? Botticelli.

I quit. My typewriter Baroque.
(MRS.) ROWENA MOHN
Westport, Conn.

Sir / May I play your artist pun game? What do Spanish voyeurs do? Watch Salvador Dali.

Is George Inness right mind?

What did the little boy with Montezuma's Revenge say? "Daddy, I've got to Gauguin."

Why are you getting rid of your cat? It Claude Lorrain.

I think Mr. Weil is correct. It could go on forever.

MALCOLM WYATT COCKE
Bristol, Va.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

EVERY DOLLAR YOU SAVE IS A BOOST TO THE ECONOMY.

By Ross M. Blakely, President
National League of Insured Savings Associations

Some people would have you believe that saving money is a disservice to the economy of this country. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Take our business—the Savings and Loan business. What do you suppose happens to the money you save at a Savings & Loan Association?

It goes to work!

Your money is loaned out to build new homes and churches and shopping centers, and low-cost multiple dwellings.

And that means jobs. Jobs for carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, road-builders, painters and a host of other occupations. Jobs for the people who cut the timber, make the bricks, manufacture the plumbing materials and paint.

And your savings have only begun to work. Homes need furniture and carpeting and appliances and landscaping and dozens of other services. New businesses are born and grow and prosper. Supermarkets. Gas stations. Appliance stores.

The list is endless. It goes on and on. Your savings working to build the economy while they are building for your future.

It has been estimated that every dollar provided by a Savings and Loan creates *four* dollars of new economic activity. Last year the \$38 billion we loaned in mortgages generated \$152 billion in the economy.

Do something good for yourself. Open an account at a Savings and Loan Association. We'll put your money to work—for you and for the country.



**SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.
WE'RE DOING A LOT FOR AMERICA.
WE WANT TO DO MORE.**

The high cost of being a hemophiliac.

Say you make \$22,000 a year. Enough, you'd think, to take care of your son who's a hemophiliac.

You know there's something you can give him to control his bleeding. Something called a clotting factor.

A daily injection of this clotting factor is all it would take for your son to live—and bleed—like a normal person.

It's almost more than you dared to hope for. It's as simple as a diabetic giving himself insulin.

The only trouble is, it would cost you the \$22,000 a year you make to give it to your son.

What do you do?

What do the parents of other hemophiliacs do?

How many people even make \$22,000 a year to begin with?

We're in a terrible position. After twenty years of research, we've finally got the control for hemophilia. But what good is having the control for a disease if you can't get it to all the people who need it?

What we have to do now is find a way to produce the clotting factor so every hemophiliac can afford it.

So far, we can only get it to a few people. A hundred-thousand other hemophiliacs are just waiting.

We need your money to get it to them.

We're so close, yet so far.

National Hemophilia Foundation

25 West 39th Street, New York, New York 10018

Why Opel is a good buy in today's market.

Opel's price.

Buick's Opel 1900's are among the lowest priced cars in the country. (Now that the surcharge and excise tax have been repealed, they're an even better buy.) And when you consider the things you get for your money, the price seems even lower. Big things like a quiet 1.9 liter engine, rack and pinion steering, contoured bucket seats, nylon carpeting and power front disc brakes. Little things like a light that tells you your brake system is working. And one that tells you when your clutch needs adjustment. Things that aren't included in the price of a lot of small cars. That's why Opel prices are some of the best values around.

Opel's reputation.

People who know cars have said a lot of nice things about the 1972 Opels. For example, CAR AND DRIVER magazine said, "Given our choice of any super-coupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we'd take the Opel Rallye," and rated the Opel Rallye ahead of the five other competitive cars they tested. ROAD AND TRACK tested the Rallye against

two other competitive cars and also rated it tops. Do your own test drive at your nearest Buick/Opel dealer's. We think you'll have a lot of nice things to say about the 1972 Opels yourself.

Opel's service network.

A lot of people have small cars they just can't seem to get service for. Opel is serviced by more than 2,200 Buick/Opel dealers from coast to coast. So you won't have to go very far when you need service or maintenance. Fortunately, though, Opels are designed not to need service and maintenance too often . . . with features like automatic exhaust valve rotators for long engine life and a really heavy-duty cooling system.

Opel's car.

There's a long list of standard features that we think help make Opel a better value than other small cars. But no list could tell you what really makes Opel different. You'll have to take a trip to your Buick/Opel dealer's. One test drive will tell you all you need to know.



Opel 1900 Sport Coupe

**Buick's Opel.
Still a small price.
Still a big value.**



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Feb. 28, 1972 Vol. 99, No. 9

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Life in California

No one has been executed in the U.S. for 4½ years, a sort of moral moratorium during which the courts and legislatures have struggled with the dilemma of capital punishment. At a time of so much violence in the nation and world, some men, at least, pause to consider whether society can justify taking lives under the law. If so, for what purpose? Vengeance? To deter further crime? Some time during its current term, the U.S. Supreme Court will decide whether the death penalty is constitutional (TIME Essay, Jan. 24). Last week the California Supreme Court arrived at its own conclusion, which will stand no matter how the Burger court decides.

In a 6-1 decision, the court declared that capital punishment violates a section of the California constitution that prohibits "cruel or unusual punishment." Thus 107 men and women awaiting death in the state's prisons, including Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson and four members of his gang, will be spared. "Society," said the court, "can be protected from convicted criminals by far less onerous means than execution." Death, the justices added, "is, literally, an unusual punishment among civilized nations." And since the death penalty nowadays is neither swift nor certain anyway, it may not act as much of a deterrent. But Governor Ronald Reagan bitterly called the decision "an almost lethal

blow to society's right to protect law-abiding citizens."

In years past, the California court has been a leader in establishing precedents for other state judiciaries. It remains to be seen, in a climate of growing anxiety over crime, whether more states will shut down their gas chambers or dismantle their electric chairs. Fifteen states have abolished the death penalty for almost all offenses. But in one of them, West Virginia, the state senate voted two weeks ago to reinstate it.

Hughes v. Nixon

It was a historic flight. With just a handful of close advisers, the great man stepped into his jet and vanished over the horizon. While he was in the air, wire service bulletins carried the news of his departure, and leaders in the host country busily prepared for his arrival.

As it turned out, Howard Hughes was upstaged by a mere President of the U.S. Not by all that much, however. At one point last week, on the day that Hughes headed for Nicaragua and Richard Nixon left for China, an Associated Press wire in Washington carried five items on Hughes and only three on the President. By late afternoon, however, the President was ahead, 9 to 7. Even so, the New York *Daily News* next morning banned its report of Hughes' flight, with smaller front-page type for Nixon's mission. In a contest between history and fascinating trivia, the serial saga of an aging eccentric (see story, page 18) still has an extraordinary hold on the popular imagination.

Political Almanac

Never underestimate the American appetite for facts.

When it was first conceived in 1970, *The Almanac of American Politics* was to have been a brief statistical study of a few congressional districts where antiwar candidates stood a chance of winning. By last summer it had grown to 1,030 pages, containing statistics and informal, readable political summaries of every state and congressional district in the union that had never been available before in one package.

The *Almanac's* authors first met in the mid-1960s as fellow staffers on the Harvard *Crimson*. Michael Barone, 27, a Democrat who is now a lawyer in Detroit, has been a demographics

advent since he was seven. "I can still remember the excitement of coming across the census figures for 1940 and 1950," he says. "It was like nothing else existed." His collaborators: Douglas Matthews, 27, a liberal Republican who is now studying law at Harvard, and Grant Ujifusa, 29, a political independent and third-generation Japanese American, who is now taking a Ph.D. in American civilization at Brown.

Publishing companies showed little interest until Ujifusa got the attention of an obscure Boston house called Gambit, Inc., which dropped its spring book list to get the *Almanac* published. It has become a word-of-mouth bestseller already. In the six weeks before publication date (Feb. 24), 25,000 copies in hard-cover (\$12.95) and paperback (\$4.95) have already been sold. Apparently there is an audience for political specifics that run the gamut from a district-by-district breakdown of federal spending to a concise catalogue of the nation's top 50 defense contractors and their yearly earnings from the Government.

Fat Jap Trap

It might be called "the Fat Jap Syndrome," in honor of Spiro Agnew's jocular question aboard a campaign plane in 1968, when he observed Baltimore Sun Reporter Gene Oishi asleep in his seat and inquired, "What's the matter with the fat Jap?" What was intended as blunt bonhomie immediately appeared to be racial callousness.

Americans, with their long, fertile history of ethnic invective, have lately grown extraordinarily sensitive on the subject. At the Arizona Democratic state convention last week, Congressman Morris Udall declared innocently—or so he thought—that "we were there as free, white, consenting adults." He was all but booted off the stage. Then former Ambassador to Ghana William Mahoney told the convention: "We often conduct ourselves with all the organization of a Chinese fire drill." Again there were hoots of protest.

There is, of course, something grimly banal and automatic about many of the racial stereotypes that salt the language. Yet sometimes they add a bit of savor. Are "French leave" and "Indian giver" to be expurgated? And what Bowdler will rise in protest when Horatio says, "He smote the sledged Poles on the ice"? Should that be "Polish persons"?



SIRHAN SIRHAN

Society has less onerous means.

CHARLES MANSON



MEMBERS OF NIXON FAMILY, ADMINISTRATION & CONGRESS WAVING AS PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LEAVES WHITE HOUSE FOR PEKING

WALTER BENNETT

THE PRESIDENCY

Now, in Living Color from China

AT last the three years of secret diplomacy, the seven months of public anticipation, and the frantic final hours of official preparation were over. The doors had swung open on a new policy of dialogue between China and the U.S., two world powers that had refused to talk to each other for nearly 25 years. Despite the President's repeated comparison of his trip to the Apollo 11 flight, Peking is too much a part of this world to be the moon, and a presidential jet is far safer and more comfortable than a space capsule. Yet this too was a historic adventure, an uncertain portent for mankind's future.

The President's air of exhilaration was apparent even before the helicopter lifted his party off the White House grounds to begin the 11,510-mile journey to Peking. As he and Pat walked past a score of congressional and Cabinet leaders in an unusual red-carpet send-off, Nixon repeatedly poked officials jovially in the ribs, bent close to whisper remarks that newsmen could not overhear,

laughed at the banter. Yet he was restrained as he described his mission's goal to some 8,000 spectators, including 1,500 schoolchildren bused into Washington for the occasion. "We must recognize that the government of the People's Republic of China and the Government of the United States have had great differences," Nixon said. "We will have differences in the future. But what we must do is to find a way to see that we can have differences without being enemies in war."

100 Reels. Although Nixon was to set foot in China during a 50-minute rest and refueling stop in Shanghai, where he would pick up a Chinese navigator, interpreter and radio operator for the 710-mile final leg to Peking, the first public ceremony was to be at the Peking airport. Conveniently timed for mass TV viewing Sunday night in the U.S.—Monday morning in Peking—this would be the first of the television spectaculars on a mission in which television rated a high priority in the White House planning. Although the White House re-

fused to confirm any details, it was certain that Premier Chou En-lai would meet Nixon at the airport, and TV screens then would record a strange sight: Nixon, the champion of capitalism, riding with Chou in an official black Hongchi (*Red Flag*) car and entering Tienanmen Square. There they would pass the ancient scarlet walls of China's imperial past and the Gate of Heavenly Peace, from which Chairman Mao Tse-tung in 1949 proclaimed the birth of the People's Republic.

Television crews were elaborately prepared to follow Nixon's movements throughout a busy week. The program was to include two state dinners in China's Great Hall of the People, one given by the U.S. (although the Chinese would supply the food and the U.S. only the champagne and cigarettes). There would possibly be two meetings with Mao, one in Hangzhou at week's end when the Nixons and the Chairman may go boating on mist-shrouded West Lake. Nixon will meet Chou daily in working sessions, then he and Pat will be entertained in the

THE NATION

evenings, probably at a Chinese opera and a gymnastic or other athletic exhibition. In the talks, both sides will be well supported by unsung experts (see opposite page).

The 13-hour time difference meant that many of the events will occur while the U.S. viewing public sleeps, so the U.S. television crews were equipped with some 100 reels of videotape. About 40 tons of electronic equipment and 73 U.S. technicians have been in China for three weeks. They set up broadcast facilities including a 20-ton ground station at the Peking airport which transmits signals to Intelsat IV, a \$19.5 million cylinder established in final orbit over the Pacific only last month. The signals are picked up by a receiving station in Jamesburg, Calif., and sent by wire and microwave to New York. Much of the live coverage will be pooled, but the networks will buy addendum exclusive time (at \$8,300 an hour) to put the faces of their own commentators on the air.

Wiping Hands. The media preparations have been carefully tailored by the White House to keep the spotlight on the principals and away from any diversions. The White House vetoed a State Department offer to supply an expert to help reporters interpret Chinese signs and culture. The omission of the State Department's respected press spokesman, Robert McCloskey, apparently was designed to keep the White House in control of the news. Nor did Nixon invite any politicians—for example, Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield or Republican Leader Hugh Scott, both students of China—perhaps fearing that they would diffuse the news focus. Yet a glaring inequity in the press arrangement was the large number of television executives along as “technicians.” NBC, for example, readily admitted that its five “technicians” in Peking include a London-based news



producer, a news vice president, a Tokyo radio production manager and a New York producer.

The intensive preparations on both sides of the Pacific involved detailed briefings for officials. Americans were instructed never to offer a toast with water, always to deal in a friendly manner with the Chinese. Chinese leaders cautioned their own people against wiping their hands with a handkerchief after shaking hands with Americans.

Indeed, even the matter of the gifts that Nixon will present the Chinese leaders underwent intense study and secrecy precautions. But some details were revealed last week. Nixon will give the Chinese people a pair of rare musk oxen, named Milton and Matilda, from the San Francisco zoo, much wanted by its Peking counterpart. He will give Mao a volume of photographs of U.S. wilderness vistas compiled by the Park Service.

Police Party. The difficulty of trying to shift national gears suddenly from confrontation to conciliation was dramatically demonstrated last week. With odd timing, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, warned that China was well on its way to becoming “the third most important nuclear power in the world.” The U.S., he said, must have the ability to wage nuclear war against both China and the Soviet Union at the same time. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird also reported that the Chinese now have a few medium-range missiles (500 to 1,000 miles, by some estimates), some intermediate-range missiles (up to 2,000 miles) and should have an intercontinental missile (3,000 to 6,000 miles) by 1975. Nor does China find it any easier—or perhaps any more desirable—suddenly to turn about its longtime criticism of what a Peking radio broadcast last week called the U.S. “policies of aggression and war of imperialism.”

Despite this sweet-and-sour ap-

proach, there were signs that both powers were trying to be agreeable. Nixon announced that he had ordered relaxation of trade restrictions that would put China on the same basis with the U.S. as the Soviet Union. The Chinese delegation to the United Nations held an unusual party for New York City police to express appreciation for protection provided by the cops since the delegation's arrival in November. At home, China's leaders lifted a ban against the sale of some classic books by Western thinkers, creating crowds in Peking bookstores; the writers included Rousseau, Kant—and Adam Smith.

50 Years. Nixon's critics also had their say. With what looked like partisan craftsmanship—or recklessness—the Democratic National Committee's weekly newsletter suggested that Nixon may be planning another smashing surprise by settling the Viet Nam War while he is in Peking. It envisioned “a secret summit of leaders from the Asian Communist nations” meeting with Nixon. As supporting evidence, the newsletter claimed that Hanoi's Le Duc Tho will be in Peking at the same time as Nixon. Secretary of State William Rogers knocked down the idea. The Democrats seemed to be building up expectations, presumably hoping to benefit from the disappointment if no such settlement occurs.

But the Nixon “journey for peace” has earned broad approval in the U.S., even if nothing dramatic emerges. A lonely demurral was offered last week by former Under Secretary of State George Ball. Writing under the title “Is This Trip Necessary?” in the *New York Times Magazine*, he warned that “there is nothing more dangerous than to rest the relations between states too heavily on the capricious interaction of diverse personalities.”

Perhaps the most intriguing assessment of the Nixon visit came early in the week when France's grand old man of literature, André Malraux, was a White House guest. Claiming that Chairman Mao is now more interested in raising the Chinese standard of living than in promoting revolution, Malraux called Nixon's overture “noble” and “courageous” and “vitally important to world peace.” He too warned against expecting instant results. He told Nixon: “Nobody will know whether you're successful for 50 years.” Replied the President: “I know that. The American people and I can be patient too.”

In historical terms, both men may be right. But in more immediate—and political terms—Nixon, at least, is wrong. Relatively few Americans, and even fewer Democratic candidates for President, are likely to wait 50 years before offering their opinions on what Richard Nixon accomplished in Peking. Unfairly or not, that assessment will begin the moment *The Spirit of '76* heads home.



SECRETARY OF STATE ROGERS & THE NIXONS IN HAWAII

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1972

The Supporting Cast in Peking



Marshall Green, 56, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. The State Department's foremost Asia expert, Green would have been named Ambassador to Japan—a post with which he would like to cap his career—if his expertise had not been so badly needed for the Peking summit. He has a distinguished record of service in Japan, Korea and Hong Kong, where he headed the China-watching Consulate General, and in 1963 drafted a position paper for President Kennedy that recommended rapprochement with China.



Alfred Le S. Jenkins, 55, director of the State Department's Asian Communist Affairs section. Another gray-haired Asian hand, Jenkins first went to Peking with the Foreign Service in 1946; he remained in China until driven out by Mao Tse-tung's approaching armies in 1949. He later held sensitive positions in Hong Kong and Taipei. He speaks excellent Chinese. He met Chou En-lai at the 1954 Geneva Conference, and again last fall when he returned to Peking with Henry Kissinger.



John Holdridge, 47, senior staff member of the National Security Council. The White House's resident China expert, Holdridge is noted for his diligence, speaks Chinese very well and was recruited for both of Kissinger's Peking missions. Before his assignment to the White House, Holdridge held diplomatic posts in Thailand, Singapore and Hong Kong, and headed the State Department's Asian intelligence section.



Winston Lord, 34, special assistant to Henry Kissinger. Lord is a brilliant theoretician and report writer, and a bright young Kissinger protégé; despite his relative inexperience he accompanied Kissinger on both missions. Yale-educated, Lord served in the State Department and on the policy planning staff of the Office of International Security Affairs at the Pentagon before joining Kissinger's group in 1969.



Brigadier General Brent Scowcroft, U.S.A.F., 46, Military Assistant to the President. A graduate of West Point and the National War College, Scowcroft earned his Ph.D. in international relations from Columbia University. Former special assistant to the director of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he is the highest ranking U.S. military officer to visit mainland China in a quarter-century.



Charles W. Freeman Jr., 28, Interpreter. A magna cum laude graduate of Harvard Law School and a career diplomat, Freeman served in Taiwan and is now attached to the State Department's China section as a translator and analyst. He has scored near perfect grades in Chinese language examinations and is probably the department's most fluent Chinese linguist.

Chi Peng-fei, 62, Foreign Minister. Chi is an old-guard military man who shifted to the foreign ministry in 1949, and under Chou's watchful eye has risen in the career ranks as an unassuming but skillful administrator. Reticent, nervous and a chain-smoker, he has little to do with policymaking and has no specialized knowledge in U.S. affairs. He was China's first ambassador to East Germany.

Yeh Chien-ying, 74, vice chairman of the party's Military Affairs Commission. Assumed to be Acting Defense Minister since the fall of Lin Piao, Yeh is a real power behind the throne because the continued blessing of the military may be crucial to the success of Chou's American initiatives. A representative to the U.S.-sponsored Nationalist-Communist peace negotiations in 1946-47, he was at Chou's side during the Kissinger visits and will be again during the Nixon summit. He is one of ten remaining full members of the Politburo.

Hsiung Hsiang-hui, Chou's Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Former chargé d'affaires in London (1962-65), Hsiung is among Chou's ablest aides. Educated at Western Reserve University in Cleveland and a deputy representative to the U.N. last fall, he speaks excellent English and is ranked one of China's front-rank diplomats and one of its foremost U.S. specialists.

Chang Wen-chin, director of the foreign ministry's American, Western European and Australasian sections. Chang has served as Ambassador to Pakistan and as head of the ministry's Asian section. He accompanied Chou to the 1954 Geneva negotiations on Indochina. Moscow-educated, he is also fluent in English and has served as Chou's English-language interpreter. He is likely to head the ministry's new North American department.

Ch'iao Kuan-hua, 58, First Deputy Foreign Minister and Chinese Ambassador to the U.N. Erudite and skillful, Ch'iao is a career diplomat of prestige and power and perhaps Chou's closest associate in the ministry—he has accompanied him on all his foreign travels, including trips to Geneva in 1954 and 1962, and Bandung in 1955. Though listed by the Chinese as a participant in the Nixon talks, Ch'iao was still in New York—hosting a party for the city police—as of last week. He is a principal adviser on American affairs and speaks very good English.

T'ang Wen-sheng, Interpreter. Nancy Tang, as she is known to her American friends, grew up and went to high school in New York City. Last year she served as Edgar Snow's interpreter during his visit to China, and was also a member of the Chinese delegation to the U.N.—along with her father, T'ang Ming-ch'ao, who served as deputy representative.



The Busing Issue Boils Over

TO many Americans, the most important journeys of election year 1972 are not the candidates' peregrinations, or even President Nixon's visits to Moscow and Peking, but the trips that their children—black or white, Northern or Southern—take each day in school buses. The familiar, homely yellow conveyance of the Norman Rockwell past has come to symbolize a bitter struggle over integration. Busing is fast becoming the most explosive domestic issue.

For years, busing was primarily a Southern concern as courts ordered school districts to dismantle dual school systems. But in the past year, court-dictated busing spread to Northern cities, giving rise to boycotts and sporadic violence in such disparate places as Pontiac, Mich., and San Francisco's Chinatown. One reaction to the uproar was a proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting busing.

Freedom of Choice. The amendment languished in committee for months. Then a court order requiring massive busing in Richmond (see box) and other cities reopened resistance. A recent Gallup poll showed that 77% of Americans—black and white—disapproved of busing as a means of racially balancing school enrollment.

George Wallace, running in the Florida Democratic primary, has made busing the keystone of his campaign, lashing the Administration and his opponents alike for approving court-ordered busing. With his candidacy in jeopardy, Senator Henry Jackson has offered an anti-busing amendment that

would guarantee "freedom of choice to attend neighborhood schools." The other Democratic contenders have refused to endorse a constitutional ban against busing, but have taken increasingly hostile questioning from audiences for their stand. One Republican Senator noted the growing clamor against busing and predicted massive resistance to it. Said he: "If you keep stoking these fires, there's a serious question whether you can enforce the court orders. We would have a

serious problem of civil disobedience."

There is already some of that. In Richmond, resistance to the desegregation order is in its seventh week. A white boycott of Augusta, Ga., schools last week left classrooms virtually empty, and Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter endorsed a one-day, statewide boycott to be held next week in sympathy. The Florida legislature drafted an antibusing proposition to be voted on in the March 14 primary. Governor Reubin Askew countered by adding to the ballot a question asking Floridians, however they feel about busing, to assert their commitment to

CHILDREN IN NEARLY EMPTY AUGUSTA, GA., CLASSROOM DURING BOYCOTT



Bumpy Road in Richmond

RICHMOND is a peaceful, tobacco-rich community nestled on the banks of Virginia's James River. Last week, however, many of the area's 480,000 citizens seemed ready to take to the Civil War trenches that still border parts of the city. Once the embattled capital of the Confederacy, Richmond is now the center of a school-busing war that has touched off a cross fire of bitter invective.

At one demonstration, more than 4,000 anti-busing marchers toted American flags and a coffin inscribed DEATH OF FREEDOM as they massed outside the state capitol to hear City Councilman Howard Carwile denounce progressive Governor Linwood Holton as "gutless, spineless, no good," a man who made him "think of euthanasia." The Rev. John Spong, the esteemed rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and a cousin of Democratic U.S. Senator William Spong Jr., took to the pulpit last week to label Carwile's remarks as "the cheap shot of

an insensitive politician." The councilman was unrepentant. Dismissing Spong as an "ecclesiastical licksiptile," he added: "When I look at some spiritually anemic preachers, I think of embalming fluid." Inevitably, Carwile's tasteless demagoguery led to a sick joke. The councilman was not being macabre, the snicker went, he was just trying to drum up some business for Mayor Thomas Blyle Jr. Blyle is one of the city's leading morticians.

School busing, an issue that has been smoldering in Richmond for two years, last month flared up when U.S. District Judge Robert R. Merhige handed down a landmark decision (TIME, Jan. 24). To end Richmond's unequal and racially imbalanced educational structure, Merhige ordered that the increasingly black (now 69%) city school system be consolidated with the two predominantly white (91%) districts in suburban Henrico and Chesterfield counties. The order, which has

been temporarily stayed pending an appeal, has important implications for other U.S. cities where the pattern of a "white noose" of suburbs surrounding a black-dominated central city is even more pronounced.

There are 101,000 students in Richmond and in the two adjoining counties; consolidation would add only 10,000 children to the 68,000 that are already being bused either for purposes of integration or basic transportation. But reaction to the order was quick and heated. Angry whites sneered that Judge Merhige sends his eleven-year-old son to a private school. One member of the Virginia House of Delegates called for the impeachment of Merhige as a "judicial pirate." Last week both the House of Delegates and the state senate passed overwhelmingly a resolution calling for a constitutional amendment prohibiting busing to achieve racial balance. The conservative Richmond *Times-Dispatch* ran a series of anti-busing editorials and printed angry letters decrying the "puppet courts throughout America" and the "Communist trend

equal opportunity for all races. Thus a presidential primary will incorporate a referendum on busing and civil rights.

Beneath all the emotion was the recognition that the U.S. seemed on the verge of a major new round of court decisions attacking segregation in the schools. The Richmond decision, acknowledging that primarily black central-city school systems can be balanced racially only by reaching out to the suburbs, is probably only the beginning. This spring the Supreme Court will rule on a suit that challenges *de facto* school segregation resulting from segregated housing patterns. In the past, non-Southern cities have escaped court orders because they were aimed at the *de jure* segregation of dual school systems. But should the Supreme Court uphold a Denver federal-court decision handed down in January, that ruling could affect virtually every suburban community in the nation and lead to busing on a scale far beyond anything the country has experienced.

With the antibusing brouhaha building, President Nixon took time out on the eve of his trip to Peking to summon seven congressional antibusing advocates. Nixon cautioned them against any move that could turn back the clock on civil rights, but promised some action to limit busing. Banging his fist on the Cabinet Room conference table, he vowed: "We're not going to leave it as it is. It's a responsibility of those who sit in this chair to solve problems, not to do nothing."

Three alternatives were discussed: 1) a constitutional amendment, 2) Justice Department intervention in court

cases involving busing, and 3) legislation limiting busing while providing other means to upgrade substandard schools. Nixon promised a decision shortly after his return from China. Barely a day passed before it appeared that the Administration had foreclosed one of the three possibilities. Vice President Spiro Agnew voiced his personal opposition to a constitutional amendment. HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson followed up the Agnew argument, noting that any amendment might well nullify landmark civil rights decisions. The word spread on Capitol Hill that John Mitchell, too, opposed an antibusing amendment. Senate Leaders Hugh Scott and Mike Mansfield registered disapproval. Congressional conservatives and liberals alike were in agreement with Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel's view: "There is no way to fine-tune a constitutional amendment to deal solely with busing. It is beyond the wit of the most articulate draftsmen, and it trivializes the Constitution."

Barring Busing. Congressional leaders then turned to a search for legislative answers, since the second alternative—intervention by the Justice Department—would probably not be visible enough to voters to take the heat off either the White House or politicians standing for re-election in the fall. Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale made an impassioned floor speech urging Congress to avoid "standing in the schoolhouse door" by barring busing. Mondale did not advocate busing in all situations and condemned it in some, but upheld "the use of reasonable transportation" as one tool to achieve integration "where it can be

THE NATION

accomplished." Privately, congressional liberals advised civil rights groups to back down from rejection of any anti-busing legislation; sentiment against busing is simply too strong, they argued, to prevent passage of some sort of bill, and it would be best to collaborate on a compromise statute.

Almost buried in the anti-busing rhetoric is the fundamental issue: ensuring equal education for all children. This is impossible without integration, according to the 1954 Supreme Court ruling, which still seems to embody a moral imperative as well as sound logic, even though many blacks themselves are disillusioned by the idea of integrated education. But given the country's mood, integration will obviously not be brought about by massive busing. Draft legislation has been drawn up by Bickel and North Carolina Congressman Richardson Preyer that would allow one-way busing—ghetto to suburbs—or permit students to transfer as part of a national plan to end segregated schools.

There are other methods of removing the inequities in education: better funding for substandard schools, special programs, a student "voucher" system and traveling teaching teams. Yale's Bickel believes that imaginative programs can be devised to equalize educational standards, noting that the courts are insisting on busing partly because no other alternatives for bettering schools are available to them. Says Bickel: "The remedy for unequal education is a fluid concept. What is needed is for school districts to make the courts deal with a changed problem. I hope men of good-will will address the problem creatively."



MOTORCADIERS EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON

overtaking the nation." Raymond Boone, editor of the Richmond *Afro-American*, made it plain that the city's blacks consider the anti-busing factions segregationist. "This will determine whether democracy can work or not," he said. "If we don't make it this time, you can forget it."

The flight of whites to the suburbs, which intensified when busing first started in Richmond in 1970, is now spreading beyond Henrico and Chesterfield counties. Says one real estate salesman in semi-rural Hanover County: "I can no longer measure the market because I've sold everything under roof." The area's private schools, already numbering more than 40 with two more scheduled to open this fall, have expansion plans for handling the expected boom in enrollment. Roman Catholic Bishop John J. Russell, meanwhile, has let it be known that parents of prospective students for the area's diocesan parochial schools, which have an 8% black enrollment, would be interviewed to weed out those fleeing integration. Amid all the furor, many parents are beginning to adjust to the idea of integrated housing as an alternative to busing. "I hear some talk now about integrating this neighborhood," says one suburban mother. "Before the consolidation, I didn't hear any."

Last week anti-busing citizen groups organized a motorcade to Washington, 117 miles distant. "They've seen

the hippies and the peaceniks and the tent cities," said William Hanner, president of the Henrico County P.T.A. "Now let's show them what a good clean American middle-class type of people can do in the way of a demonstration."

When the motorists arrived at the Virginia State Fairgrounds one morning last week, image-minded leaders asked them to remove all Confederate flags and such signs as *IF NIXON CAN'T STOP BUSING, WALLACE CAN*. The first of the 3,261 cars in the caravan to complete the trek followed the designated route past the Washington Monument, the White House and the Capitol. Slowed by a slushy snowfall and wrong turns, the motorcade ended ineffectually in a traffic jam that stretched 25 miles back along Interstate 95.

William Loving, the black owner of a local real estate firm, had a wry comment on the Richmond controversy: "First, blacks were not permitted to sit in the front of the bus. Then they moved to the front. Now they're driving the bus."

POLITICS

Bemused Voters in New Hampshire

THE pressure on the candidates is rising as the March 7 date for the nation's first presidential primary in New Hampshire approaches. Followed by a swelling contingent of national newsmen, the campaigners are making pitches at Kiwanis and Rotary lunches, grabbing invitations to high school assemblies, frantically chasing any kind of crowd in a rural state whose independent-minded voters tend to shun mass meetings. While they enjoy the attention and welcome the money spent by press and politicians, the objects of all the hoopla—the residents of New Hampshire—look on with bemusement but remain unmoved.

When housewives chatter over mid-morning coffee at the Rexall drugstore in postcard-pretty New London, N.H., or their husbands banter beside their

ailing cars at Kidder's Garage, there is little talk of Muskie, McGovern or McCloskey. Instead, there are complaints over rising taxes expected from a new sewage system and the costs of operating schools. In the paper-mill town of Berlin, Kelly's Pastry Shop now sells more doughnuts (7¢) than turnovers (15¢), as residents worry about living costs. "It takes two working now for a family to get what it needs," notes Mrs. Laura Allain, a clerk in the shop. "Before, we could always set something aside."

Jumping Prices. As legislators at the capitol in Concord battle over whether to institute a state income tax (New Hampshire is the only state without either a general sales or an income tax), there is little that the presidential candidates can say about such local issues. How can they soothe Annette Picard, widow of the police chief of Peterboro, when she complains that her property tax is now \$1,000 a year? "I could sell the house and rent an apartment, but I don't want to. You should be entitled to your home," she says.

Nor can they ease the worries of Mrs. Nancy Blanquette, a machine operator in a Manchester yarn factory, who laments: "I go shopping every Wednesday, and it seems like every two or three weeks I see the prices jumping up right in front of me. We wait six months for a raise, and by the time we get it it's gone." Residents of New Hampshire are not convinced that

the Administration's price controls are working. While Democratic candidates berate Nixon about inflation and recession, listeners seem skeptical that the election of any of them would make much difference.

New Hampshire seems relatively unconcerned about such national questions as school busing and welfare reform, possibly because the state has few blacks. One national issue which seems to stir lingering emotions is the war in Viet Nam—although at no time near the high pitch of four years ago. "This war kept a lot of younger people back," notes Alexander DuMesnil, Berlin's assistant police marshal. "My son was afraid he'd get drafted, and he still might. But the tenseness is going away—he's getting ready to buy a car." Bob Kohler, a Viet Nam veteran at the University of New Hampshire in Durham, protests quietly that "they're still dying one by one over there."

Minuet. The frustration over Viet Nam ought to help such antiwar candidates as Democrat George McGovern and Republican Pete McCloskey. But McGovern backers had difficulty getting local students to work hard for their man. "I think these kids are into not being radical now," explains Frances Bennotti, a McGovern worker manning a campus campaign table in Durham. Nor does the issue necessarily hurt Nixon. Dick Allison, a tram conductor at the Cannon Mountain ski area, lost a cousin in Viet Nam. He considers the war a tragic mistake, but defends the Administration's pace of withdrawal. "I don't like just walking out now," he says.

Some residents express downright hostility toward the candidates. "These politicians, what do they care about us?" asks Berlin's DuMesnil. "The only time we see them is when they're looking for a few votes." At a high school assembly in Milford, a student opened the questioning of Democratic Senator Vance Hartke by asking: "Senator, do you think students should be forced to come to these political rallies?" Hartke said no—and the student promptly walked out. As politickers, reporters and canvassers for the candidates keep probing the voters, resentment is growing. "The people are getting tired of being asked questions," observes one of Muskie's campaign coordinators. "I wonder if it doesn't do more harm than good."

After traveling through the state from Peterboro to Hampton and from Milford to Berlin, TIME Correspondent John Stacks finds that much of the intense campaigning is "out of joint with the reserved, modest, and altogether sensible views of New Hampshireites about what the primary can mean to them. The New Hampshire contest is a minuet conducted by the press and the politicians. It means more to both those groups than to the people of New Hampshire."

LAURA ALLAIN IN KELLY'S PASTRY SHOP



MCCLOSKEY AT GUNSTOCK SKI AREA



ASHBROOK AT MEETING IN NASHUA



Also Running

What little attention New Hampshire voters are giving to their presidential primary has been concentrated on the Democrats. They have paid scant heed to President Nixon's two rivals on the Republican side, a brace of U.S. Representatives who differ drastically in ideology but otherwise turn out to have a good deal in common. They are California's Paul ("Pete") McCloskey, 44, a Kennedy-esque Marine Reserve colonel who wants the U.S. out of Viet Nam at once, and Ohio's John Ashbrook, 43, a deep-dyed conservative who deplores Nixon's "leftward drift" on welfare, China, Keynesian deficits and in the U.S.-Soviet armaments race. Neither, however, has made much impression on the New Hampshire granite. Nixon's edge has dropped from 79% in October to 69% today in a state public television poll; McCloskey rates only 12%, Ashbrook 5%.

Ashbrook's chief asset is the backing of William Loeb, reactionary publisher of the state's leading newspaper, the Manchester *Union Leader* (TIME, Jan. 31). Ashbrook has little money and few volunteers. He has no support from the paladins of political conservatism—Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, John Tower—who are sticking with the President. "Their loyalty goes to party rather than principle," Ashbrook says calmly. "Their concept is that Nixon is still better than the alternatives." He likes campaigning and manages to find some consolation in almost any adversity. One Democrat complained: "I don't know who I'm for, I just don't want Nixon." Undaunted, Ashbrook replied: "Well, you and I have something in common." His main aim is to press Nixon back toward the right by "holding up a standard for people who still consider themselves conservatives." He concedes that if he does not top McCloskey's showing, it will be a setback.

Oh, Really? McCloskey is no more sanguine about his chances of besting the President. "It would take a goddamn second coming for me to beat Nixon up here," he admits. His campaign in some ways recalls Eugene McCarthy's four years ago, but it lacks the messianic aura. There are no great swarms of young "Get Clean for Gene" volunteers; his campaign is \$40,000 in debt, despite contributions from such wealthy backers as Norton Simon and Jock Whitney. He starts his 20-hour campaign days at factories or simply walking the streets of New Hampshire towns pumping hands and asking: "Hello, Pete McCloskey, do you have any questions for a fellow running for President?" When he gets a question, he often answers in such time-consuming detail that his aides' plans for the day are wrecked. The charge that his campaign is well-meaning but futile enrages him. "You're

damn right it's an exercise in earnestness," he says. "If political debate is worth anything in this country, I hope it is an exercise in earnestness."

Laudably, both Ashbrook and McCloskey are trying to raise issues that deeply concern them. That does not get them much visibility. In towns McCloskey has visited three and four times, people still ask reporters: "Who was that? McCloskey? What's he running for?" After quick introductions, one gas-station attendant asked Ashbrook: "What brings you up to this neck of the woods?" Ashbrook's purpose was explained. The stolid Yankee reply: "Oh, really?"

PAUL CORRIN



NOMINEE RICHARD KLEINDIENST

THE ADMINISTRATION

Kleindienst Steps Up

It was a rare breach in his stony facade when Attorney General John Mitchell last spring lost his customary calm because an aide predicted for newsmen the number of antiwar demonstrators who would appear at the Capitol. The Justice Department, Mitchell snapped, should not be making crowd predictions. One reporter persisted: How many were expected to participate? "No more than four or five thousand," replied Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who was also present. "Damn it, Kleindienst," said the exasperated Mitchell, "why don't you keep your mouth shut?"

Keeping his mouth shut is hardly characteristic of the man President Nixon last week named to succeed the laconic Mitchell, who will step down March 1 in order to run the Nixon reelection campaign. Since he first came to national attention as head of the "Arizona Mafia" that captured the G.O.P. presidential nomination for Barry Goldwater in 1964, Kleindienst, 48, has made a practice of speaking his mind.

To the chagrin of his boss, Kleindienst once compared his job at the Justice Department with that of a "golf caddy"; he said that Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana was either "sick or not in possession of his faculties" for charging that the FBI was tapping Congressmen's phones. Admitted one friend: "Dick has a habit of shooting from the hip." But on matters of law-and-order, he and Mitchell generally see eye-to-eye.

Kleindienst has been outspoken in favor of preventive detention, wiretapping and keeping marijuana outlawed. He approved the legally doubtful arrest of thousands of protesters during last year's Mayday demonstration. Only in civil rights is Kleindienst considered more liberal than Mitchell; friends attribute his attitude to his religious faith (he is an Episcopal lay reader) and to the special circumstances of his boyhood in Winslow, Ariz.

Broken Heart. The son of a Santa Fe railroad brakeman, Kleindienst grew up among Navajos, Mexicans and Chinese—friends quip that he is "profane in two languages, English and Navajo"—and was elected student body president of his high school even though whites were in the minority. At the urging of his mother, he entered Harvard, and while there married a Radcliffe student named Margaret Dunbar; they now have four children.

Returning to Arizona after graduation from Harvard Law School, he won a seat in the Arizona House of Representatives in 1952—the same year that Barry Goldwater was elected to the U.S. Senate. "Goldwater got a lot of young people interested in politics as an avocation," he says. "I was one of them."

There followed various posts with the G.O.P. and, in 1964, an unsuccessful run for Governor. After his own defeat and Goldwater's, says Kleindienst, "I thought I was through with politics forever." But three years later he agreed to serve as Nixon's Arizona chairman and then as Mitchell's campaign deputy, a post that led eventually to the Justice Department.

For Mitchell, the change of jobs is a wrench. Despite his pronouncements of distaste for the job of Attorney General, he has enjoyed it. In his new role as campaign chief, he will have responsibilities much the same as those he handled in 1968, when he directed Nixon's White House bid; the only difference is that this year he will run the campaign with absolutely unchallenged authority.

If Mitchell appeared impulsive about the switch, however, his wife did not. Martha Mitchell has clearly reveled in her three-year fling as the wife of the Cabinet's most powerful member. "I think it's a very bad move," she said tearfully last week. "I tried to talk him out of it because I don't think the President needs a campaign manager. It just breaks my heart."

ECCENTRICS

The Great Hughes Airlift

For several weeks, Howard Hughes himself had been curiously receding from the affair, while the Clifford Irving & Co. dominated the scene. Last week the billionaire re-entered the bizarre drama. In an operation only slightly less complicated than the Berlin airlift, he moved his entire headquarters from Paradise Island in the Bahamas to Managua, Nicaragua.

It was widely reported that Hughes left Nassau because the Bahamian government suddenly found that several of his aides—the "Mormon Mafia"—did not have the work permits required of foreigners. Actually, the U.S. Attorney's office in Manhattan, which is conducting a grand jury investigation of the Irving hoax, had issued a subpoena for Hughes to testify. On Valentine's Day, U.S. postal inspectors appeared in Nassau with the summons; federal officials intended to impound a grand jury in either Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands to hear Hughes—at night, if he so desired. The postal inspectors consulted with Bahamian officials on the best way to penetrate Hughes' elaborate security in order to serve the subpoena.

The Bahamians obliged by arranging to create a commotion over the Hughes aides' work permits, hoping

NEW QUARTERS IN MANAGUA



LOADING C-46 IN NASSAU



that somehow the subpoena could be served in the confusion. A raiding party of 20 Bahamians—police, immigration agents and others—appeared at the Hughes' fastness at 2 a.m. last Tuesday; they got no farther than Hughes' foyer. Stymied, the Bahamians issued an ultimatum that four of Hughes' entourage must leave the country within two hours because they lacked proper work permits.

The plan backfired. Because of suits (totaling more than \$400 million) now pending against him in U.S. courts, the one thing that Hughes seems to be determined to avoid at any cost is a court appearance. When some of his aides learned that the Bahamians were acting in order to help U.S. officials, who had summons in hand, Hughes decided to pull up stakes entirely.

No one is certain exactly when he left Nassau. Sources in the Hughes Tool Co. said that he was out of the Britannia Beach Hotel by 8 o'clock the morning of the Bahamian raid. If so, his whereabouts for the next two days is a mystery. Apparently, Hughes boarded a chartered boat for the first stage of his hegira—the 180-mile trip to an unspecified coastal haven somewhere near Miami.

However Hughes traveled, an extensive airlift began on Wednesday night to remove his personal belongings from the ninth-floor suite at the Britannia Beach. Workers loaded three flatbed trucks with his paraphernalia: a refrigerator, a hospital bed with railings, a hospital stand of the kind used to hold aloft blood plasma, six television sets, many cartons of purified water, motorized reclining chairs, numerous pots and pans. Said CBS-TV Producer Don Hewitt, who was vacationing on Nassau and happened to see part of the move: "It didn't look like a rich man's stuff. It looked like Archie Bunker's stuff. There was an old electric stove and electric heater and this sort of cheap-looking vinyl couch."

Six X's. The Hughes impedimenta were trucked to the Nassau airport and loaded aboard a C-46 transport that flew to Fort Lauderdale, refueled, then took off for Managua. In all, as many as nine flights were involved in the exodus. A Hughes Tool Co. representative had arranged for a ten-passenger Eastern Airlines Lockheed JetStar to be chartered (\$2.10 per mile "wet," meaning with fuel and crew) and waiting before dawn Thursday at the Opa-Locka Airport outside Miami. Just before 7 a.m., a Hughes agent ordered the three-man Eastern crew to move away from the plane while the passengers boarded.

After six passengers had climbed aboard, the crew returned to the cockpit and was told: "Don't come back here [to the passenger area]. And file a flight plan for Managua." The flight took 2 hr., 40 min.; crew members

were not permitted aft to use the toilet and received cups of coffee passed through the slightly opened door.

When the JetStar landed at Managua's airport, the crew remained in the cockpit as the passengers, all appearing healthy, disembarked and sped away in a cream-colored Mercedes. The flight crew was never certain whom it had carried; although U.S. immigration laws require a passenger manifest for outgoing flights, the list was marked only by six X's.

Little Rumba. Managua seemed an improbable choice for Hughes. In an explanation hastily contrived after Hughes' arrival, President Anastasio Somoza welcomed him for what he implied was a visit to discuss business ventures. The only thing that most Americans—or at least the older generation—know about the sleepy, often steamy Central American city of 300,000, is the insistent little 1946 rumba: "Managua, Nicaragua, is a beautiful town. You buy a hacienda for a few pesos down." A man as obsessive about germs as Hughes could hardly be comforted by the knowledge that outbreaks of polio and bacillary dysentery afflict the republic.

But then, Hughes' oddly hermetic existence changes little, no matter what the local conditions. He and his aides immediately sealed themselves in a 17-room suite that occupies the entire eighth floor of the two-year-old Hotel Inter-Continental Managua, a building shaped like a Mayan temple, on the outskirts of the city. The automatic elevators were immediately readjusted to prevent visitors from getting off at Hughes' floor. Hughes' communications antennas sprouted from the roof. Many Nicaraguans, while delighted with the press attention—reporters flocked in by the dozens—and visions of a Hughes-induced boom, concluded that "the man is loco."

Back in New York City, the case was losing some of its reckless gaiety for the Irving's. Federal authorities arrested Edith Irving and then released her on a \$250,000 personal recognizance bond to await a hearing on her possible extradition to face forgery and other charges in Switzerland. New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan was said to be working out a deal with Irving; he would plead guilty to perjury and his wife would confess to conspiracy. The Irving's would promise to repay the \$650,000 that McGraw-Hill thought it was paying to Howard Hughes for his autobiography.

The arrangement might suit Irving. A guilty plea might prevent Mrs. Irving from being extradited. Irving could possibly keep many of the details of his hoax a secret. Then, while serving a prison term, he could write his account of how he did it. That tale might now bring him more money than his original Hughes book ever could have.

Avis gives you a bigger little car.

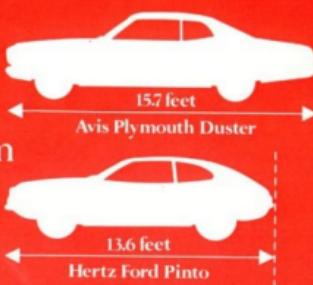
The Plymouth Duster you get from Avis is more than two feet longer than the Pinto you get from Hertz. It's wider, too, with more room inside for you and your luggage.

A new Plymouth Duster or a Dodge Demon from Avis costs only \$7 a day and 11¢ a mile provided you return the car to wherever you picked it up. And you only pay for the gas you use.

Better than one out of every ten of our cars are 1972 Dusters and Demons and they're available at most Avis offices in the continental United States. So your chances of getting one are pretty good, even though they're on a first-come, first-served basis with no reservations accepted. (Sorry, we can't make this offer in certain locations or on weekends in metropolitan New York, and there are no discounts.)

Avis gives you a bigger little car. Pretty big of us.

Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.



TAXES

The Simmering VAT

ONE of the hottest economic debates this election year crackles round a measure that President Nixon has been conspicuously flirting with but has not yet openly embraced: the value-added tax. A kind of national sales tax that is imposed on most goods and services, VAT is a big revenue raiser in Europe. West Germany, for example, collects 25% of its government's money from it. By adopting VAT, the U.S. could ease its crushing problem of raising funds for urgent social needs from a revenue base that has been steadily diminished by income tax cuts.

For the moment, President Nixon has not formally proposed VAT because he is aware that any new tax would meet hard opposition from Congress and from voters, who are already up in arms over the tax load. Treasury Secretary John Connally has said that the Administration has no plans to recommend any new taxes this year. Yet VAT has been under serious consideration for months, and White House aides have been floating the idea in what amounts to a test-marketing program among Congressmen and state and local officials. The possibility that a form of VAT will be imposed at some future date has raised a clutch of fundamental questions about the whole creaking tax system in the U.S.

Bucket Brigade. One idea being weighed in Washington is that VAT revenues ultimately would go to states to help pay for public schooling costs, and thus lighten the load on home owners, who pay for education out of their heavy—and increasingly unpopular—property taxes. In sum, Nixon could promise during his election campaign to reduce property taxes and then make up for this loss by proposing VAT after the elections. The Administration calculates that in order to reduce or stabilize the residential property tax by eliminating that part of it devoted to schools, it must raise about \$12 billion to \$13 billion. White House staffers have discussed a plan to raise about \$18 billion a year, which would require a value-added tax of approximately 3% on most goods and services.

Basically, the VAT system collects a percentage of the price that is added to a product at each stage of production and marketing. It also enables businessmen to pass the entire cost of the tax along, bucket-brigade fashion, until it gets to the consumer. A theoretical example:

A lumber mill produces a load of

wood with a market price of \$25; this price represents practically all the "value" that the mill has added to the raw timber by buying and converting it to lumber. On a VAT of 3% the mill pays the Government 75¢. This cost, separately invoiced, is tacked to the price of the lumber, which is then sold to a cabinetmaker for \$25.75. The manufacturer transforms the lumber into a cabinet, increasing its market value from \$25 to \$75. On the \$50 value added, the cabinetmaker pays another 3%, or \$1.50. When selling the cabinet to a wholesaler, he will add to the price his own tax cost, plus the 75¢ VAT that he paid the mill. The wholesaler will pass on his own tax costs along to the retailer in the same way. Ultimately the 3% tax is absorbed by the consumer, so that a cabinet with a normal retail price of \$100 would cost \$103 (see chart).

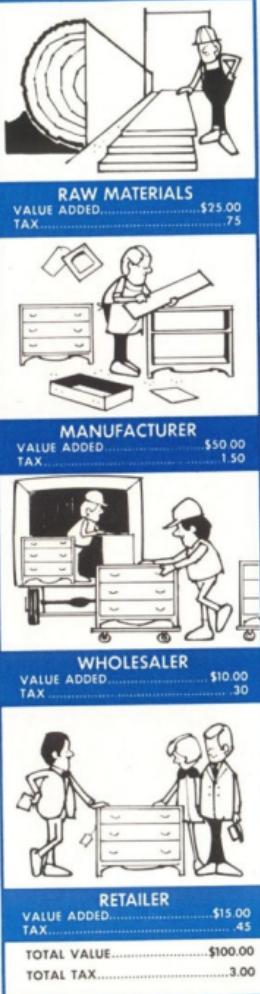
Softening the Blow. Critics of VAT, notably liberal Democrats and labor leaders, argue that it would be an unfair tax that would put an undue burden on the poor and lower middle class. Senator Edmund Muskie has characterized any national sales tax for the purpose of reducing property levies as "a tax that will make you pay more every day so you can pay a little less at the end of the year."

Some economists see the possible use of VAT in the U.S. as part of a longer-term shift away from progressive taxes on income (which hit the rich hardest) and toward a regressive tax system. Sales, excise and even Social Security payroll taxes are regressive because rich and poor alike tend to pay the same. Tax Expert Joseph Pechman, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, argues that instead of adopting VAT, it would be fairer and more effective to increase income tax rates and close off loopholes.

To soften VAT's harshly regressive features, Administration officials have talked about giving rebates to the poor and lower-income groups, who must spend a larger percentage of their incomes on essentials like food and shelter than those in higher-income brackets. Opponents argue that in practice rebates would do little to help the lowest-income people: most of them would not bother to file for the money. Moreover, the rebate would not fully compensate the poor for the increase in their living costs caused by VAT. Opponents also contend that VAT would be inflationary in more ways than one. For instance, because VAT would push up prices on everything from electric light bulbs to power saws, a certain amount of additional inflation would seep into operating costs and be reflected in price increases above those caused by VAT itself. In addition, in calculating prices, most sellers would tend to round the figures up instead of down, giving living costs another upward nudge. In The Netherlands, where VAT was started in

DRAWINGS FOR TIME BY DAN LAWLER

HOW IT COULD WORK
Using a 3% Value-Added Tax on the manufacture of one \$100 wood cabinet



Because you expect a \$400 TV to work like a \$400 TV... we pay this man to steal our products.



A man slips into one of our warehouses. Selects a color television set at random. And takes it away for a thorough checkout, from the customer's viewpoint. Unusual? Not at all.

It happens every day at Zenith, where we have a constant program of checks and double-checks designed to make certain every Zenith Color TV lives up to our reputation for Handcrafted quality.

But no system of quality control is perfect. And if you happen to get a Zenith product that doesn't operate to

your satisfaction, you want something done about it.

That's why, over the years, we've established a strong relationship between ourselves, our dealers and you, the consumer.

We're determined to keep your confidence.

If a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations, let us hear from you.

Write directly to the Vice President, Customer Relations, at Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 North Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

We want the opportunity to give your problems our personal attention. At Zenith, we mean it when we say, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*

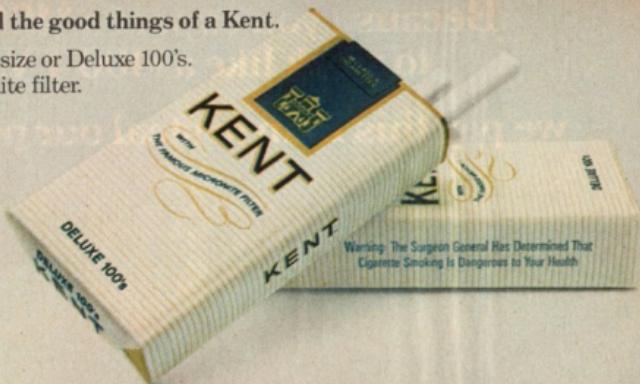


Simulated TV picture

ZENITH

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.
And the exclusive Micronite filter.



Bowl 'n Kent!



Kings: 17 mg. "tar,"
1.0 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette,
FTC Report

Aug. 71.

© Lorillard 1972

1970, prices rose by an average of 9% in three months.

Advocates of VAT note that it would enable the Administration to raise money without adding to corporate or personal income taxes. VAT is also almost impossible to avoid and inexpensively easy to collect. Moreover, VAT would not burden exports because, unlike direct taxes, it can be rebated under the rules of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Beyond any economic advantages, VAT has strong political allure for President Nixon. For one thing, the cost of VAT is hidden in the price. Asked why increasing the income tax was rejected, one Government tax expert replied: "It shows." Businessmen, who form a part of the President's natural constituency, generally would favor VAT as a substitute for increases in corporate income taxes.

Despite VAT's critics, the idea of using it to pare property taxes would probably be welcomed by millions of home-owning voters. If the President adopted that notion as part of his future programs, the Democrats could find it difficult to attack without offering some alternative equally attractive to the home-owning middle class. Democratic House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, the most powerful Congressman in tax matters, has always opposed the idea of VAT. But even his resistance is waning. Says Mills: "If Nixon couples it to the area of school property taxes, I'd have to look at it again."

TRADE

Tilt Between Neighbors

The U.S. balance of payments deficit swelled to an alarming flood tide of nearly \$30 billion in 1971. When the Administration announced that staggering shortfall last week, it became doubly clear why Treasury Secretary John Connally has attached such importance to forcing trade concessions from the nation's foreign customers. The Japanese and Europeans have recently agreed to relax some of their restrictions against U.S. imports. But bargaining with the U.S.'s biggest and closest trading partner, Canada, has so far produced little but misunderstanding and bitterness. Negotiations broke down this month, and no date has been made for resuming them, leaving trade relations between the two usually good neighbors at their lowest point in years.

Connally and his aides demand a reversal in the balance of merchandise trade with Canada, which has swung from a consistent U.S. surplus for a quarter-century to a deficit in each of the last four years; for 1971, the imbalance was \$1.2 billion. U.S. negotiators have three complaints. First, Canadian tourists can bring back only

\$25 worth of duty-free goods from the U.S. every three months; Washington wants that limit increased, to something closer to the \$100-per-trip limit put on Americans who shop in Canada. Second, under a 1959 agreement, Canada's defense purchases in the U.S. were supposed to remain in a roughly fixed ratio to U.S. defense expenditures in Canada; lately Canadian spending has lagged, and the U.S. wants it boosted. Third and most important, the U.S. wants a change in a 1965 auto agreement that allows Canadian-made cars to enter the U.S. duty-free but heavily taxes non-dealer traffic in new cars moving in the other direction.

The Canadians are bitter about having been asked to help out the U.S. with its deficit problem. They point out that even though the U.S.

received so much mail on the auto pact that his political advisers are convinced that any major concessions could cost him a half dozen parliamentary seats from car-producing Ontario in this year's election. U.S. officials have taken to playing on Canadian fears of congressional retaliation, possibly by a reimposition of the 7% excise tax on Canadian-made cars—although things are not likely to come to that for some time. "There are elements in this country which are protectionist by nature," Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker warned a group of Canadian and American businessmen last week in Washington. Canadian Trade Minister Jean-Luc Pépin complains that the U.S. is a hard nation to bargain with. As he told TIME's Lansing Lamont: "We speak with one voice, but not the U.S. The American negotiators say,



CANADIAN VIEW OF CONNALLY: "Raise Yah, Pardon." "Pardon" is a Canadianism meaning "raise the hatchet" or make peace.



TRADE MINISTER JEAN-LUC PÉPIN

runs a deficit in merchandise trade, it came out about equal in overall balance of payments with Canada during the first nine months of last year. Reason: the money that Canada sent across the border in the form of dividends to U.S. investors and interest payments to U.S. lenders more than made up for the Canadian trade surplus.

Heavy Mail. Further, the Canadians argue that the U.S. indulges in some blatantly unfair trade practices of its own, including an embargo on the sale of Canadian uranium in the U.S. and inequitable tariffs on Canadian-made aircraft and engines, should match any concessions granted by Ottawa. Said one top Canadian trade official: "The U.S. trade policy is not as white as driven snow." Nevertheless, the Canadians are probably willing to make a few adjustments—but nothing near what the U.S. wants.

Trouble is, the issue is tangled in the election-year rhetoric of both countries. Prime Minister Trudeau has re-

'Between us, we would like to go along with you on this issue, but Congress won't stand for it.'"

A new element in the controversy will be the appearance in the next several weeks of a Canadian government report, which will propose legislation for regulating foreign-owned businesses—most of them U.S.-controlled—in Canada. Though the new rules probably will not be as strict as Canadian nationalists would like, the report is expected to urge closer screening of foreign investments and possibly even compulsory Canadian shareholding of 51% or more in some local subsidiaries of non-Canadian corporations. That is hardly the sign of friendly capitulation that U.S. negotiators are impatiently awaiting from Canada. Trudeau said last week that his government planned to persist in scheduling new trade talks. Even so, the chances are unfortunately strong that U.S.-Canadian trade relations will grow still worse before they get better.

If you were inside, could you get outside?



Maybe. Maybe not.

A lot depends on how level-headed you are. And how much planning ahead you've done.

You might think you could just rush out the front door. But what if flames have you trapped upstairs? Would you know how to escape from there?

And what about the rest of your

family? Do they have any idea of how to get out safely? By themselves? From more than one exit?

If you haven't thought about it before, you ought to. Right now.

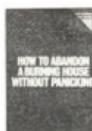
Because if you wait until a fire starts, you run the risk of an even greater danger. Panic.

To help you out, your Continental

agent is offering a simple guide to planning escape routes for the whole family.

It's called "How To Abandon A Burning House Without Panicking."

Ask him for it. It's free. (You'll find him in the Yellow Pages.)



Your Continental Insurance Agent



When you're with him, he's with you.

BRITAIN

When the Lights Went Out

THE slings and arrows of outrageous fortune all seemed directed at Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath and his beleaguered country last week. Beset by a six-week national coal miners' strike, Britons were subjected to rotating power blackouts that caused chaos in industry, forced the layoff of 1.5 million workers, and at times made it seem as if the nation were lit only by candlepower. The political heat was directed at Heath, who found himself widely criticized for obduracy in the face of the miners' demands, and then compelled to give in to them.

It was by all odds Heath's worst week in 20 months in office. Besides the miners' strike—and the continuing troubles of Ulster, Rhodesia and combined unemployment and inflation at home—Heath came perilously close to seeing his government defeated in Parliament. There the subject was Britain's entry into the European Common Market, which the House of Commons had approved in principle by a handsome margin last October.

The Humbugs. Faced with a second and closer vote last week on some of the legislation necessary to put that decision into effect, Heath announced that he would resign and dissolve Parliament if the bill were defeated. The Prime Minister very nearly had to make good on that promise. As anti-Market Tory M.P.s defected to the opposition lobby, his government was saved by only eight votes, five of them from the tiny Liberal Party. Labor M.P.s danced up and down shouting "Resign!" and "Out! Out!" Opposition Leader Harold Wilson, who as Prime Minister had sought Common Market membership for Britain on much the same terms that he now opposes, declared: "The vote made it clear that the Prime Minister has not a shred of authority for pursuing his European policy," and predicted "months of bitter debate" over Common Market membership. One Laborite actually tried to drag Liberal Leader Jeremy Thorpe to the Tory side of the aisle, and another cried, "They are a gutter party, the Liberals, the humbugs!"

Heath had earned his most serious problem in one respect by his unbending resistance to the miners' demands during the first four weeks of the strike. They had asked for a 25% catch-up raise over their minimum pay range of \$36.80 to \$78 a week, far beyond the 8% national wage guideline that Heath was determined to hold. But the miners' well-justified grievances (see box, following page) had won them wide

public sympathy, and their determination matched Heath's own. As the coal supplies of power stations ran down, the government belatedly acted, won emergency powers from Parliament and invoked electricity rationing.

Flat Soufflé. Suddenly, all of Britain found the lights going out. Midlands auto factories began massive layoffs; the textile industry reported itself in "chaotic" shape. Londoners had to cope with horrendous traffic jams as traffic and street lights went blank. Children were sent home from heatless schools. Housewives faced piles of unwashed diapers, watched their soufflés sink, and could take no refuge in their powerless television sets. The blackouts were rotated by districts in six three-hour periods a day that always seemed to coincide with mealtimes. In some rural areas, chilly Britons hoisted shovels to dig their own coal.

The first days of the power cutbacks brought a suggestion of wartime comradeship and adventure. Bicycles were hooked up with pulleys to run gas pumps. A kidney-machine patient connected her medical apparatus to a Mr. Softee ice cream truck. Beauty parlors shunted their customers in curlers to nearby establishments when the electric dryers went off.

But the mood was not really comparable to the World War II blitz; as one London lady remarked, "Then you suffered in the certain knowledge that victory would bring a better world; now we are pretty certain that no matter what, things will get worse."

Indeed they could. If the strike continued until the end of this week, the government had announced, power would be still further reduced, thereby idling 5,000,000 of Britain's 25 million workers.

To stave off that calamity, the government had appointed a special commission, headed by noted Jurist Lord Wilberforce, to adjudicate the miners' demands. Its recommendation: an 11% to 24% raise, bringing the miners' wages up to a range of \$59.80 to \$89.70 per week. Union leaders voted first to reject the offer. But later, after a midnight bargaining session at 10 Downing Street, the union leaders



LONDON SHAVE DURING BLACKOUT



PICKETING MINERS WITH WOOD FIRE

SCOTSMAN SHOVELING HIS OWN COAL
The heat was directed at Heath.

THE WORLD

agreed to submit the proposal directly to their members.

The miners were expected to approve the proposal. As Union President Joe Gormley put it, "If they voted it down, the whole country would be in ruins within a few weeks, and nobody really wants that." But whatever the miners do, the power cutback will continue for at least another week while

coal stockpiles are built up again. Whether the strike has had a more lasting effect on Ted Heath's political career remains to be seen. It certainly upset the popular notion that while Labor has a heart, the Conservatives are the ones who can run a country. The strike made it seem to many Britons that the Tories were not doing that particularly well.

Back to "Them and Us"

COAL is the soul of Easington, a mining town of 10,000 on the North Sea coast of England, best known throughout the British Isles as the scene of a 1951 colliery disaster in which 85 men died. For four generations, Easington miners have been bequeathing their picks to their sons. The town was founded in 1911, when the first shaft of the Easington Colliery was sunk into the rich coal seams that lace County Durham. The tunneling now extends for miles in all directions. To reach the end of the

REUTER



ANGRY MINER OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT

most distant coal face, which extends 5½ miles offshore beneath the North Sea, the miners must ride and walk—and sometimes crawl—through the black holes and seeping brine for more than an hour. D. H. Lawrence described their kind of life in *Sons and Lovers* in 1913: "And there is a sort of shadow over all, women and children and men, because money will be short at the end of the week."

It still is. For their dark, cramped and arduous job, Easington's miners are paid an average of \$65 a week. What infuriates them is that this is less than they earned in 1954, when they agreed to shift from a piecework basis of pay to a standard rate on the promise that, in the long run, the change

would increase their earnings and lighten their work load. Instead it deprived them of reward for their increased productivity, and their income declined from \$17 to \$19 a day in 1954 to about \$13 today. In relation to other basic tradesmen in Britain, the miners dropped from third place in wages to twelfth in ten years. Ever since the Heath government came to power two years ago, the miners' wages have not kept up with increases in taxes, rents and social service contributions—let alone the rising cost of food and other goods.

The miners' grievances have a bitter twist; many date their ills from the nationalization of the mines in 1946, a goal that the workers had sought for generations. At that time, the men who ran the Coal Board, aiming to keep coal competitive with oil and atomic power, began to modernize the industry—and cut the work force from 750,000 men to the present 283,000. Always the Coal Board had the last word, with the power of the government behind it. "Ever since nationalization," said a middle-aged miner in the Easington Colliery Club last week, "they've been threatening to close the colliery if we didn't accept their terms. Now it's time to stand and fight."

The shared hardships and sense of common injustice has bred an intense loyalty among the miners, even if they blame their union in part for letting their numbers, and their wages, decline. The miners live in tight communities of grimy, brick, colliery-owned apartments, which only recently were provided with indoor plumbing. The workers have their own traditions and brass bands, their own pneumoconiosis clinics—and a common dedication to left-wing politics. But never before have they been able to force their will upon the nation. When the men first threatened to strike, said Tom Nicholson, the secretary of the Easington branch of the miners' union, "it was just the miners versus Heath. Now it's the trade unions against the Tory government. It's getting back to 'them and us.'"

SOUTH VIET NAM

War of Nerves

THESE DAYS OF TET HAPPINESS ARE BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF YOUR GOVERNMENT'S SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD read a banner strung across Saigon's Cong Ly Boulevard last week. All over the city, red flags—intended to summon good luck, not Communism—fluttered from balconies. Saigon's citizens celebrated with dragon parades, or gathered at pagodas to pray for financial success, domestic tranquillity and a peaceful new year. In the Chinese section of Cholon, which was badly bloodied during the Communist Tet attacks four years ago, the banners bravely promised that WHAT YOU WANT IS WHAT YOU GET.

Saigon's citizens got an eerily quiet three-day *Tet* holiday last week, rather than the long-awaited Communist attacks. At week's end, a North Vietnamese force overran a government outpost in the Mekong Delta, killing 27 defenders. Still, the only big *Tet* offensive last week was an American one: hundreds of air strikes were flown against Communist targets, including long-range artillery emplacements just above the Demilitarized Zone. South Vietnamese intelligence officers believe that an early February Communist flare-up had been planned but was put aside so that Communist negotiators in Paris could make a show of seriously considering President Nixon's eight-point peace proposal.

Major Push. No one could be sure, of course, that the Communist offensive had not been merely postponed—or scheduled instead for this week, to coincide with Nixon's visit to Peking. Nothing had altered the signs pointing to a major push—though almost certainly on a less grandiose scale than in 1968. Four North Vietnamese army divisions have been dispatched from the North to reinforce troops already in the war zone. Elements of the seasoned 5th, 7th and 9th divisions are believed to have slipped across the Cambodian border into the dense jungles northwest of Saigon; U.S. intelligence sources believe that the Communist troops are prepared to launch attacks on two hours' notice. At a checkpoint outside the capital last week, a load of Communist AK-47 assault rifles was discovered in a civilian truck.

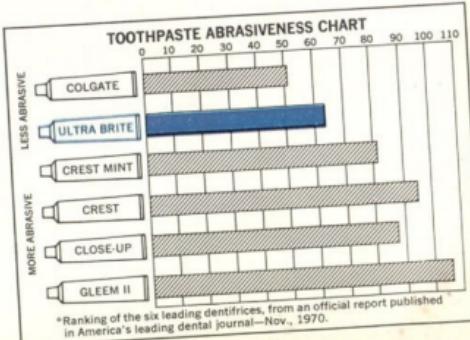
There were other equally ominous, if less certain signs. Persistent reports in Saigon talk of dogs being poisoned in nearby villages—an indication that Communist troops were due to pass through them at night. Some villagers had also been told by the Communists to store up a 15-day supply of food. Captured enemy documents told of a "nationwide spring campaign" to be launched early this week, and one defector volunteered the campaign's slogan: "One day's effort will make up for 20 years of fighting."

Official Dentifrice Studies Reveal:



Ultra Brite found even less abrasive than Crest, Close-Up and Gleem II*

No leading toothpaste is harmful to tooth enamel. However, some toothpastes do their job more gently than others. As the chart at right indicates: among the six leading dentifrices, Ultra Brite is less abrasive than Crest, Close-Up and Gleem II. Other dental studies confirm that Ultra Brite does not harm teeth. This is especially significant since Ultra Brite is best known as a whitening and brightening toothpaste. Ultra Brite can get your teeth their brightest with demonstrated safety for teeth.





You get just about the same headroom and legroom in an Audi as you do in a \$23,800 Rolls-Royce.

The Audi 100LS isn't a very big car. On the outside.

But don't let that fool you about the size of the car on the inside.

You'll find there's more headroom than you'd ever expect. Enough for, say, a person 6'6". And if he's got unusually long legs (which a person of his size usually has) he won't have to sit clutching his knees. Because there's more legroom than you'd ever expect.

Mind you, he's not the only one who would sit comfortably. The Audi can seat a family of five rather nicely.

Now the \$23,800* Rolls-Royce isn't the only great car the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has rack-and-pinion steering like the racing Ferrari. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car. And independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

Impressed? You should be. After all, the Audi bears a startling similarity to some of the world's finest automobiles.

But what makes the Audi especially impressive is its price tag.

It's a lot less than you'd expect to pay for that many great cars.

The \$3,900 Audi[®]
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price \$3,855 East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price as of Dec. 1971. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



PARADE IN SAIGON'S CHOLON SECTION

An ominous new year.

contradictory document ordered Viet Cong cadres "not to start anything until June or July."

John Paul Vann, the self-assured U.S. pacification chief of Military Region II, last week flatly predicted a step-up in Communist guerrilla activity followed by a major push—though no attempt at the countrywide "general uprising" that the Communists tried in 1968. His reasoning: at that time, 75% of the Viet Cong infrastructure was located inside population centers. Now the figure, according to Vann, is only 20%.

American Edge. Other experts expected any Communist attack to come in stages—first, a campaign of assassination and terror against South Vietnamese officials, primarily in rural areas, followed by strikes on government outposts and population centers, then attempts to pin down government troops and discover South Vietnamese weaknesses. Only if those stages proved successful would the Communists call for a popular uprising.

Obviously, the Communist troops were in place for a purpose, and with the coming of spring, there seemed little doubt that a new and more virulent period of war was just ahead. For the moment, the Americans seemed to have gained an edge on the propaganda front—by predicting an offensive on a scale that the Communists probably could not deliver. But at the same time, with American and South Vietnamese troops already edgy after more than a week on alert, the Communists seemed to be slightly ahead in the war of nerves.

THE WORLD

CAMBODIA

Angkor Imperiled

A rare bright spot in the Indochina war has been the seemingly charmed survival of Angkor Wat, the fabulous, vine-covered imperial ruins that are revered today as the centerpiece of ancient Cambodian culture. Even after a Viet Cong regiment and several Khmer Rouge (Cambodian Communist) battalions slipped into the undefended city 20 months ago, Angkor Wat seemed protected by a United Nations convention preserving national monuments from wartime damage. A French-sponsored team that had been meticulously restoring the city's 800-year-old bas-relief galleries, statues and fluted balustrades was permitted by the Communists to continue work. The Cambodians decided not to try to drive the enemy out.

Last week that unspoken truce was broken as 4,000 Cambodian troops began encircling Angkor in an attempt to cut off the Communists' supply lines and starve them into submission. It was an uneven contest. The Communists could strike out at any point on the city's 60-mile perimeter, and had all the defensive advantages of an underground bunker complex. Government troops, meanwhile, were under strict orders not to direct artillery fire at the city and to use even their rifles sparingly.

Stray Rounds. The Communists, however, were on the losing side in another respect—a national furor over the desecration of the ruins. Last month the Communists abruptly expelled Bernard Groslier, the imperious, Cambodian-born Frenchman who had tried to carry on his restoration work under the occupation, and jailed some 40 local villagers who had been helping.

ing him. According to Viet Cong defectors—some of whom brought out snapshots of themselves taken in the temple area—several stray Communist and government mortar rounds had also fallen on historical buildings. A former V.C. captain, Tran Van Ky, has conceded that "we were given orders not to touch the statues and temples, but that order was often ignored."

By night, according to the defectors, the Communists stole pieces of ancient Khmer art to finance their occupation. Such art finds ready markets abroad. Complains one Cambodian cultural official: "In Thailand, dealers usually say the Angkor statues are 'from private collections'; in Hong Kong, merchants don't even bother to give an explanation. They just say take it or leave it."

Blowing Sand. Phony objects "from Angkor" are not unknown on the international art market, where almost any piece of ancient Cambodian art is peddled under that label. Moreover, none of the defectors claimed that they actually saw the Communists carry off Angkor's treasures. But experts familiar with the art of Angkor have seen apparently authentic pieces on sale in Bangkok. Recently, in the back room of a reputable Bangkok art store, the curator of Cambodia's National Museum was shown an exquisite, small Bakheng statue from the Angkor complex. Price: \$2,000,000.

Whatever the facts, Angkor itself is the almost certain loser. "If the repairs are not completed immediately," a member of the restoration team told TIME's David DeVoss, "all our efforts will be wasted. Most of the walls are supported only by wooden beams and sand. When the sand blows away and the rain rots the timber, Angkor Wat will be only a memory."

CADRES FROM A VIET CONG BATTALION AT EASE OUTSIDE TEMPLES



BANGLADESH

Bleak Future

The birth of Bangladesh two months ago sent the hopes of 78 million Bengalis soaring in expectation of a bright future. But now the early rapture of freedom is fading, and the Bengali mood is growing subdued in the face of the new country's enormous problems. TIME Correspondent Dan Coggan covered the nine-month Pakistani civil war last year and was in Dacca in December to witness the triumphant entry of Indian troops. Last week he returned to the new capital to assess the pace of reconstruction. His report:

The nation seems more intent upon recounting past horrors than on reconstruction. Daily newspaper stories of the Pakistani massacre—Prime Minister Sheikh Mujibur Rahman estimates

been earned in two months, since the ports of Chittagong and Chalna are almost closed by mines and sunken ships. Food and other shipments into the interior are slow because of hundreds of blown railroad and highway bridges and insufficient river transport.

Hardship pinches all. Peasants and professional workers alike make their way to distribution centers for grain rations or form block-long lines to register for employment. An estimated 20 million Bengalis—more than a quarter of the total population—are believed to be destitute. Half of these are refugees returning from India; the other half are internally displaced and unemployed persons. Most relief is geared toward the returning refugees. The uncertain hope is that revival of the shattered economy will take care of the rest.

In Dinajpur district, in the extreme northwest, two-thirds of the 2,300,000 population are classed as

DRINGER—NANCY PALMER



FEARFUL BIHARIS IN DACCA SUBURB AT MEETING WITH U.N. OFFICIALS

Time is short if a new disaster is to be prevented.

it claimed 3,000,000 lives—rate bigger headlines than the problem of rebuilding the 150 factories destroyed or disabled. When Indian forces leave on March 25, violence will threaten the 1,500,000 Biharis who emigrated from India to East Bengal in 1947, many of whom collaborated openly with the Pakistani army. Some bitterness and reliving of the past are understandable at this stage. But time is short if a new disaster is to be prevented.

Uncertain Hope. One senses that most Bengalis do not fully grasp the depth of the country's plight. Less than 25% of Bangladesh's industry is working because of wrecked and looted machinery and lack of raw materials, capital, credit and personnel.

Virtually no foreign exchange has

destitute. Government grain rations have been halved to three pounds a week for adults. So have the \$18 grants for housing, which many are using to buy food. Some refugees are building houses of bamboo and thatch, dwellings that will be ruined when the rains start in May. Others are camped with friends, seemingly reluctant—or too broke—to start over. In Dacca itself, shantytowns have sprung up as shelter for 120,000 people.

"All disaster relief operations in the past have no comparison with the magnitude of the task in Bangladesh," says Toni Hagen, the Swiss U.N. chief in Dacca. The destruction, he adds, was greater than that suffered by Europe in World War II. The government itself is virtually bankrupt. Mujib has

pledged for massive international aid, a plea echoed last week by U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. So far, India has supplied \$53 million in cash and other aid, and pledged to supply one-quarter of Bangladesh's food needs for the coming year. Other countries have promised aid amounting to \$95 million. The U.S. has not yet recognized Bangladesh, or made any commitment of aid.

But U.N. officials estimate that \$565 million is the bare minimum needed to get the economy moving again and to rebuild the distribution system sufficiently to prevent starvation. To put Bangladesh well on the road to recovery, Hagen judges, would require \$1 billion this year alone. There seems little hope that the new nation will receive anything like that amount.

CYPRUS

The Survivor

For His Beatitude Archbishop Makarios, 58, the bearded, black-robed spiritual and political leader of Cyprus, last week brought a splendid succession of personal tributes. Nicosia's schoolchildren left classes to march on the presidential palace and shout, "Don't give in, Makarios! We are with you." Moved by the cheers of another gathering of 5,000, the archbishop told them: "I am not alone because you, the people, have embraced me with your confidence."

Makarios needed all the embraces he could find. His island of 650,000 or so uneasy Greeks and Turks was gripped by its most severe crisis since 1967, when war between Greece and Turkey nearly broke out over Cyprus. The majority (78%) Greeks and the minority Turks are still unable to agree on a compromise form of government that would acknowledge Greek power but protect Turkish rights. Since last summer the Greek and Turkish governments have both indicated willingness to help find a solution; both intend to participate in renewed talks scheduled for next month between the two Cypriot communities.

New Threat. The main stumbling block now is Makarios, who opposes any settlement that would diminish Greek Cypriot rule over the island—or, by extension, his own power—and who obviously has the Greek Cypriots strongly behind him. To budge the archbishop, therefore, Greek Premier George Papadopoulos two weeks ago sent him a three-point "recommendation" so sharp that the normally benign churchman could be heard through stout oaken doors fuming against "a humiliating, unacceptable ultimatum."

The ultimatum's first point dealt with guns and indicated how near the sunbathed, lemony island is to what Papadopoulos termed "fratricidal kill-

ing and destruction." Makarios puts little trust in the 12,000-man Cyprus national guard, whose 1,300 officers and noncoms have been hand-picked by the Greek general staff. He has also faced another threat since September. Legendary General George Grivas, 74, who in the 1950s directed the battle for independence from Britain and *enosis* (or union with Greece), reputedly slipped back to the island after enforced residence in Athens. Grivas, who is Makarios' rival and who apparently had Greek help in returning, has not been seen since he arrived, but old friends are disappearing into the Troodos mountains, and last month a store of guns was stolen from a local armory. Fourteen of Grivas' supporters have been charged with the theft.

To counter Grivas' threat, Makarios' archbishopric and the wealthy monks of the Kykkos monastery together spent \$2,500,000 to purchase rifles, machine guns and bazookas from Czechoslovakia. When Greek Ambassador Constantine Panayiotakos complained, Makarios insisted he knew nothing about such weapons. All the while, apparently, they were being trucked into the cellar of his archiepiscopal palace. Papadopoulos, responding to this open defiance, requested the archbishop to turn over the weapons to United Nations troops keeping peace on the island.

National Unity. The Greek Premier warned Makarios, in effect, to let the Greco-Turkish talks proceed and abide by their formulas, whatever the outcome might be. The Premier also advised Makarios to form a government of "national unity" with Grivas supporters as part of it.

"I have survived 13 Greek Prime Ministers," Makarios joked to aides recently. "I hope to survive the 14th." Last week Makarios utilized some well-tested survival techniques. Besides rallying popular support, the archbishop stalled by not making a formal reply to Athens. Meanwhile, he maneuvered for help. Both the Soviet and Polish press criticized the idea of outside forces interfering with the internal decisions of Cyprus. Moscow apparently connects the Cyprus crisis with a recent agreement between the U.S. and Greece that allows dependents of men serving with the Sixth Fleet to be based around Athens. Moscow fears that Greece and Turkey might amalgamate sections of the island directly into their two nations. In that case, Cyprus could become an extension of NATO and another possible shelter for the U.S. fleet.

Makarios at week's end appeared to have won the first round of the confrontation. The Greeks, still waiting for his answer, had few options but to try to oust him from office if he defied them; that would provoke Cypriots who support him. "What we have going now," one Western diplomat said, "is a cat-and-mouse game where everyone thinks he is the cat."

COMMUNISTS

Rule of Skin

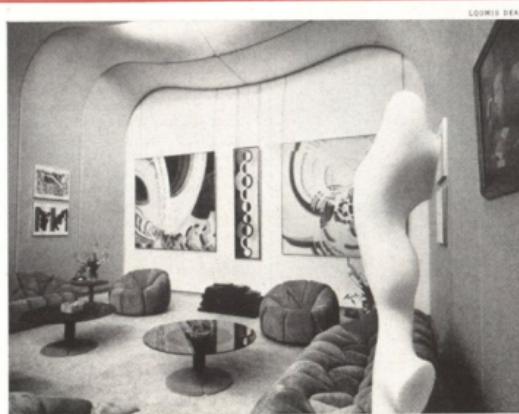
One way of assessing the political climate in Eastern Europe is to apply what might be called the rule of skin: the extent to which a regime tolerates the exposure of female flesh often indicates the future direction of its cultural and sometimes even political policies. Thus, depending upon the varying fortunes of hard-lining and liberal factions—and the tolerance of the highly puritanical Soviets—hemlines may be permitted to rise thigh-high and then suddenly be ordered lowered. In nightclubs, breasts and bellies are alternately bared and covered up as a regime gyrates between bursts of almost Western-style liberalism and seizures of Marxist modesty.

In East Germany, as a tantalizing hint of what may be an impending cultural liberalization, *Neues Deutschland*

land, the official Communist newspaper, recently ran a waist-up picture of a nude East German girl for the first time in its 26-year history; the paper's columns are normally devoted to dreary political reporting.

By contrast, there has been a crackdown on striptease in Hungary, which had been far more permissive than East Germany. One reason for the restraint was Party Leader János Kádár's fear that too much emulation of Western ways might provoke the Russians, who then might interfere with Hungary's pioneering economic reforms, which feature some capitalist-style incentives. There also has been a crackdown in Rumania. For years, the Rumanians encouraged stripping as part of the country's receptivity to Western ways. But since last summer, when President Nicolae Ceausescu began a program to combat Western cultural influence, stripping has been discouraged.

In Poland, the year-old regime of



Livening Up the Elysée

AS French officials nervously led them on a preview tour to see the new *décor* of the Elysée Palace, newsmen fairly gaped in astonishment. In one stroke, the salons where President Georges Pompidou does much of his entertaining had been transformed from pre-Bastille to post-Kubrick. Gone from the palace (built in 1718) were the murky frescoes, the gilt-edged mirrors, the priceless Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture. The anteroom where guests are greeted is now a blast of color and light, designed by Israeli Op Artist Yaacov Agam and dominated by his wall-size "kinetic" murals.

A corridor with a gently undulating ceiling leads to a sitting

room filled with abstract art, then a smoking room whose circular walls flow inward at one point to form a cluster of seats in the shape of half-moons. The stark white dining room, which seats 24, shines under a luminous ceiling studded with 7,000 glass stalactites. The lighting can be altered from very bright to *intime*. Out of view but also done over is the ancient kitchen; heretofore state banquets have been catered affairs. The French press unanimously applauded Pompidou's devastating *coup de main*. Someone recalled that Arthur Rimbaud, one of Pompidou's favorite poets, told Frenchmen: "One must be absolutely modern." That was back in 1873.

THE WORLD

Edward Gierek is allowing a revival of home-grown striptease; the art has for years been practiced almost exclusively by imported dancers in bars catering to Western tourists. In a startling departure, the state entertainment agency recently placed an ad in the big party daily inviting attractive young Polish women of 22 or under to report to Warsaw's Palace of Culture to try out for jobs as strippers.

Polonia Exposed. Last week two of the three finalists from the Palace of Culture made their debut in a crowded bar in Warsaw's Hotel Bristol. As the music progressed from a staid rendition of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* to the sexy West European hit *Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus*, a big-busted performer called Satana writhed her way out of a wedding dress, finally getting down to only a

EASTPHOTO



CULTURAL FREEDOM IN RUMANIAN CLUB
Hemlines follow party lines.

G string. Next, in a variation on the wedding theme, the other dancer, a tall, athletic-looking blonde named Chiquita, peeled down to her string while wildly depicting the convulsions of her drug-addict groom, who turns her wedding night into a nightmare as he longs for a fix.

Once before, in the mid-1950s, striptease was briefly encouraged by Warsaw as an indication of liberalism. But then one stripper caused a sensation by dressing in native costume as Polonia, the symbol of the Polish nation, and stripping in three stages until her only attire was a set of chains. That supposedly symbolized Poland's captivity after its partition by the Austrians, Germans and Russians in the 19th century. But the act could also have been interpreted as a comment on Poland's fate under the Communists. A short time later, stripping was prohibited in Poland.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Intrigue in Bucharest

Strange stories were circulating last week about mysterious events in Bucharest. One of them centered on the supposed execution of a Rumanian general named Ion Serb who reportedly was shot by a firing squad for handing over defense secrets to the Russians. There were also reports of sudden demotions. One of the country's most powerful leaders, Vasile Patilinet, lost his important post as the Central Committee Secretary in charge of defense and internal security, and was relegated to the minor job of Minister of Forestry. Two other officials, including the country's propaganda chief, have also been demoted.

What was happening? Many foreign experts believe that Rumanian President and Party Leader Nicolae Ceausescu was punishing a group of opponents who last summer had participated in an unsuccessful plot to oust him. After Ceausescu returned from an extended tour of China and the Far East last June, there were rumors about coup attempts in Bucharest. At an all-day meeting of regional party leaders, Ceausescu was criticized—and reportedly even booed—for having made passionately pro-Chinese statements during his trip that unnecessarily annoyed the Russians. For the moment, Ceausescu remains in control. But the lack of success of his Western-oriented economic experiments, combined with Moscow's enduring displeasure over his independent policies, seems certain to keep him in a relatively unsettled position.

Wounded Premier

Across French TV screens flashed the handsome face of Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. For once Chaban didn't look like the golden boy of French politics. Somber and severe, he appeared, reported *Le Monde*, like "a wounded man."

In a Checkers-style speech to his countrymen, the Premier was answering charges that, by taking skillful advantage of French tax laws, he had paid no income taxes whatever between 1966 and 1969 (TIME, Feb. 14). "I obeyed the law applying to everyone," Chaban declared. He supplied no figures, but briefly listed his property, including two houses and two apartments. "Now," said the Premier, "you know as much about it as I do." At times his tone was cutting, occasionally he bordered on rage.

Alas, the Premier chose to make his speech on the very day that the taxes of his fellow Frenchmen fell due. Critics on the left and right pronounced themselves unconvinced, and anti-Chaban demonstrators staged a march from the Place de la Bastille to the Hôtel de Ville. Had the Pre-

mier, who has been a deputy, mayor of Bordeaux, minister of the Fourth and Fifth Republics and speaker of the National Assembly, now become a liability to his party? Gaulist Deputy Jacques Richard overheard a shopgirl remark, as she paid her taxes, "Ah, if only I could manage things like Chaban." "That," said Richard, "is when I realized how serious the situation was."

India's Conditions

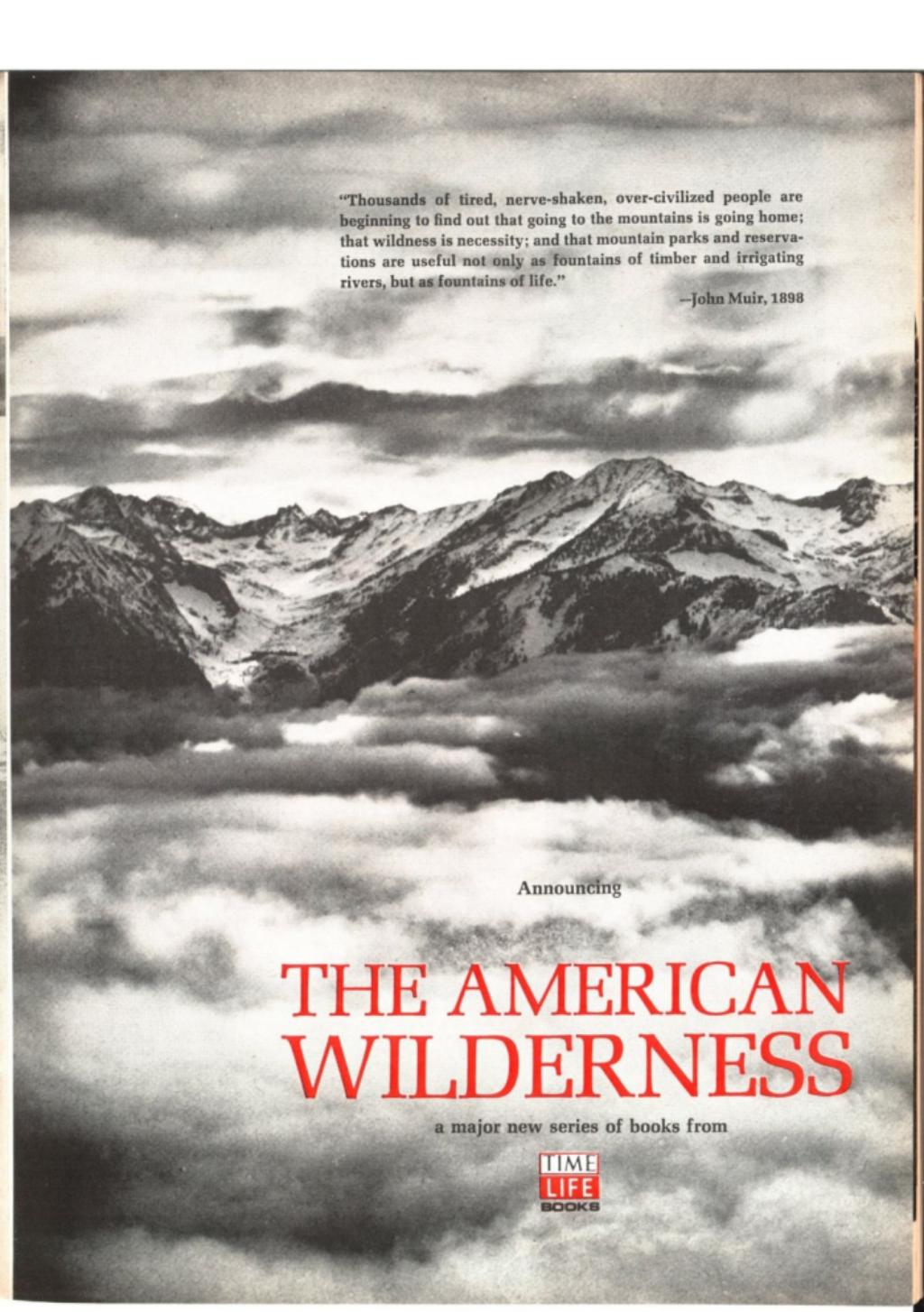
The Indians are still angry with the Nixon Administration for its one-sided support of West Pakistan during last December's war over East Pakistan, now Bangladesh. They were not mollified by Richard Nixon's offer two weeks ago to hold a "serious" dialogue with New Delhi over mutual problems, provided the Indians had "an interest in maintaining balanced relationships with all major powers." To the Indians, that seemed less an olive branch than a thorn, an effort to justify Nixon's own heavy-handed policy in South Asia.

The Indians are prepared to hold discussions, but they have made it clear to Washington that they will insist on certain implicit conditions: the U.S. should 1) not resume arms sales to Pakistan, 2) recognize Bangladesh, and 3) most important, accept New Delhi's view that the Indian-Pakistani balance of power no longer exists on the subcontinent. In return, the Indian government is prepared to offer guarantees to Washington that it supports the principle of an independent Pakistan and will refrain from any kind of interference in Pakistani affairs.

Mixing Oil and Politics

Ecuador's President, José María Velasco Ibarra, 78, holds a record of sorts: he has been elected five times since 1934, and has been ousted from power four times (he finished one term of office in the mid-1950s). Recently he called for free elections next June that would bring an end to his two-year dictatorship. But one night last week, the Ecuadorian army quietly deposed Velasco and sent him into exile, replacing him with a junta headed by General Guillermo Rodríguez Lara.

The army was apparently afraid that the winner of the election—and the next President—would be the radical, Syrian-born former mayor of Guayaquil, Assad Bucaram. But the generals may also have been lured by the spoils of office. Ecuador may eventually become Latin America's second largest oil producer (after Venezuela). The Trans-Andean pipeline goes into operation next June. President Velasco had already received \$11 million from Texaco-Gulf in advance royalties. He had also signed a secret decree giving the military half the total oil royalties. Now, for the time being at least, the army will control the other half as well.



"Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wildness is necessity; and that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life."

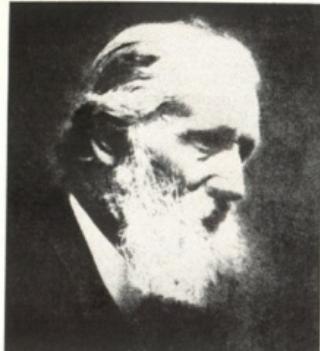
—John Muir, 1898

Announcing

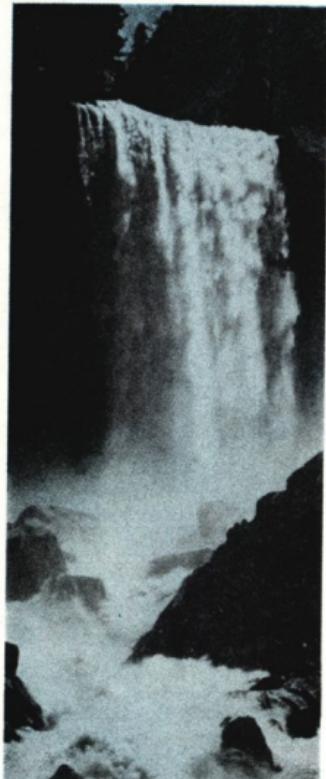
THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS

a major new series of books from

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS



John Muir, famous naturalist and poet of the mountains, who shunned to top of a 100-foot pine in the teeth of a gale to be closer to the wind and the sound it made in the tree.



Enshrined within the majestic mountains of the Sierra are hundreds of cascading waterfalls—and at no time are they more dramatic than during the spring runoff.

WHILE IT'S STILL OUT THERE...
WHILE YOU CAN...GET TO KNOW
**THE AMERICAN
WILDERNESS**

Begin with the Introductory Volume,
The High Sierra
Yours to Roam through for 10 Days Free

The High Sierra takes you far beyond crowded parking lots and picnic tables to some of the wildest areas of the Sierra Nevada, one of the most spectacular mountain ranges on earth. From the moment that you open the book, you are drawn to the "outrageous magnificence" of the Sierra landscape. An opening 16-page portfolio of inspiring double-page color photographs captures the many moods: the overwhelming presence of rock; gnarled and stunted trees tortured on rocky headwalls; superbly tall and regal ones on the slopes below; flower speckled meadows; the flush of alpenglow; an alpine lake of deep indigo whose placid waters mirror snowy peaks under a cloudless sky.

IN THE HIGH SIERRA, YOU'LL BE ON THE MOVE

Accompanied by two avid outdoorsmen and conservationists, author Ezra Bowen and consultant Martin Litton, you gaze in awe at the largest trees in the world, the highest waterfall in North America, some of the deepest canyons and sheerest cliffs to be found anywhere. You take fascinating nature walks and learn about Sierran wildlife—not only the identity of various plants and animals, but also the ecological relationships that exist between these living things and their environment. And, most important, you gain new insight into what can happen when man upsets that delicate balance. You find out, for example, how man's hunting of the coyote has created an ecological dilemma . . . how overgrazing has caused meadow destruction . . . how the spectacular golden trout first came to the Sierra and what is being done to keep it from disappearing . . . how fire can sometimes be the friend of the forest . . . what the 1964 Wilderness Act means to the Sierra and why "rationed" recreation may be necessary.

THE HIGH SIERRA IS ACTUALLY MANY BOOKS IN ONE
It's a vivid pictorial presentation featuring more than 130 illustrations, including several paintings, a specially commissioned map and numerous photographs—the majority in brilliant color.

It's a forceful, adventurous narrative of men and mountains, enlivened by amusing anecdotes, Indian lore, harrowing tales of pioneers, personal experiences of past and present Sierra enthusiasts, from John Muir and Mark Twain to contemporary backpackers, bird watchers and mountain climbers.

It's a fact-filled natural history that describes in non-textbook jargon the Sierra's geological history; what makes the climate so inviting; the conditions that regulate plant and animal distribution; the ecological relationship between man and the land, and the interdependence of all living things.

It's a valuable, practical source of reference for the entire family—for the naturalist, outdoorsman, the curious traveler (whether on foot, horseback or in an armchair) and the serious student. Indeed, *The High Sierra* is an original way to introduce young people to the study of natural history, geology and ecology. It makes learning both pleasant and swift; the facts are stimulating, the pictures are arresting, and the total impact is one of sheer inspiration for anyone who knows the special wonder of a journey into the woods and hills to fish, hike, picnic or just watch the sun go down.

HEED THE CALL OF "WILD AMERICA"

If you take advantage of this 10-day free trial, you'll discover that the aim of *The High Sierra* and future volumes in the series—including *The Grand Canyon*, *The Northeast Coast*, *Wild Alaska*, *The Everglades*, *The North Woods*—is to put what remains of our American wilderness into perspective: to take you exploring and to show you the beauty, majesty and all-embracing usefulness of "wild America" with a view to inspiring you to know and love it—and, hopefully, to help save and preserve it.

Future titles in THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS: "The Grand Canyon," "The Northeast Coast," "Wild Alaska," "The Everglades," "The North Woods"...

About the series: Each hardbound volume measures 9" by 10 1/4", contains 184 pages of 35,000 words of evocative text and more than 100 illustrations, including an average of 96 pages of full color.



TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

Introductory Volume

THE HIGH SIERRA

on 10-day Free Examination

You may examine *The High Sierra* for 10 days without obligation. If you decide to keep it, you pay only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, and will become a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS*. Successive volumes in the series will then be sent to you as they are issued, one every other month. Each comes on the same 10-day free-trial basis and at the same price of \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. There is no minimum number of books you must buy and you may cancel your subscription at any time. To order your copy of *The High Sierra*, introductory volume in *THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS*, fill out and mail the post-paid order form bound in these pages. If the card is missing, just write. TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0401, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611.



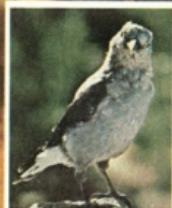
The elusive bighorn sheep



A camas flower in bloom



The rare golden trout



A perky Clark nutcracker

Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR IMPORTED BY MCKEESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © MCKEESSON 1970



The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

PEOPLE

One traveler who never blends into the landscape is ex-President **Lyndon Baines Johnson**, currently vacationing in an Acapulco villa with his own supplies of bottled water, tapioca, steak and ketchup. When a dinner invitation came from Acapulco's social pinnacle—the white marble mansion of Actress **Merle Oberon** and her Mexican industrialist husband Bruno Pagliari—L.B.J. said no thanks, he'd drop by afterward. **Lady Bird** demurred, but Lyndon isn't about to do anything he doesn't want to do these days. "Bird," he said, "you know I'm not goin' to eat anywhere but here."

"I think the BBC has done us a favor," said ex-Beatle **Paul McCartney**. The favor: banning Paul's first protest song, which he wrote with his wife Linda after Londonderry's "Bloody Sunday," when 13 Irish were killed by British bullets. The somewhat less than incendiary lyrics:

*Give Ireland back to the Irish
Don't make them have to take it
away . . .
Tell me, how would you like it,
if on your way to work
you were stopped by Irish soldiers;
would you lie down, do nothing,
would you give in, or go berserk?*

The Russians were thinking about victory and politics. **Bobby Fischer** was thinking about victory and money. So U.S. Challenger Fischer's choice of a city for the world championship chess match this spring was Belgrade, which offered the most cash—\$152,000. Russian Champion **Boris Spassky**, nixing Belgrade for political reasons, picked Reykjavik, Iceland. When neither side would give in, Max Euwe, president of the International Chess Federation, took his cue from King Solomon and split the difference: twelve games in Belgrade, then twelve in Reykjavik. "It's a mistake," said Fischer. "You will have double the problems. People are going to be confused, moving around, and it will seem like a road show. I don't like it." But Bobby wasn't really angry. The Reykjavik money wasn't bad—\$125,000. "It's going to be over in a couple of months, and then I'll be champion," said Fischer.

Archie Bunker with a Negro niece? Not exactly. It's Archie's real-life version, **Carroll O'Connor**, and the pretty 19-year-old black girl he is introducing around Hollywood as his "niece" is really the daughter of one of his "oldest and dearest friends," New Jersey Obstetrician and Gynecologist Dr. Eric Williams Jr. When O'Connor heard that Richelle ("Ricky") Williams wanted to be an actress, he suggested that she come right out to Hollywood. "All

I can do, as much as I love her, is to give her a start," says O'Connor. "Then she's got to do it all for herself." Asked what having a black protégée might do to Archie's image, he replied: "I don't think anything can change Archie's image."

A preview peep at Washington under a woman President was provided by Manhattan Democratic Representative **Bella Abzug** at a conference of the National Organization for Women. President **Shirley Chisholm**, she said, fantasizing freely, "is seriously concerned about the rising adult male delinquency rate, especially among retired Defense Department officials and Pentagon generals. The President is thinking about instituting some play-therapy groups, in which they could work out their aggressive feelings. **Antimachismo** Secretary **Gloria Steinem** proposed that we convert the Pentagon into housing for the elderly and play centers." Later, Congresswoman Abzug reported in her dream of the future, she "returned to Capitol Hill, where we're still deadlocked on the bill proposing amnesty for Henry Kissinger."

James Earl Ray, the murderer of **Martin Luther King Jr.**, is spending 30 days in a disciplinary cell to contemplate his losing ways. Ray's latest fiasco: a botched attempt to cut short his 99-year sentence at Tennessee's Brushy Mountain Penitentiary by carving a hole through the ceiling of a room near the auditorium. Last year he tried to make it through a steam tunnel which, unsurprisingly, turned out to be too hot for him.

Singer-Actor **Paul Robeson**—a popular idol in the '20s when he introduced *Ol' Man River* in *Showboat*, then a popular villain in the '50s for his espousal of left-wing causes—is becoming respectable again. Now 72 and ailing, he has had a student center named after him by Rutgers University, where he played All-America football and earned a Phi Beta Kappa key as a member of the class of 1919.

Skiing's super-schusser, **Karl Schranz**, 33, who was barred from skiing with the Austrian team in the Sapporo Olympics on the grounds that he had repeatedly broken the amateur regulations, has announced that he is going to give up Alpine racing, though he is not yet ready to become a full-fledged professional. "I should like to end my career in dignity, and not as an outlaw of international sports politics," said Schranz, who in 18 years of competition has won three world championships, two World Cups, eleven Austrian championships and eight firsts in the famed Arlberg-Kandahar race.



"NIECE" RICKY & CARROLL O'CONNOR



CONGRESSWOMAN & DREAMER BELLA ABZUG



VERONIKA BUREK



Telecommunications Systems by GTE Lenkurt, 1105 County Rd., San Carlos, California 94070

If you're scattered all over the map, we'll help you pull yourself together.

Mountains, rivers and deserts don't mean a thing to us. Our GTE Lenkurt subsidiary hops across them in microseconds with microwaves.

Which means we can help you make a business out of a lot of branch operations. Or an organization out of a bunch of widely scattered outfits.

For instance, we've locked together the four power companies that cover Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. And we've linked together a large portion of the huge power system in the Pacific Northwest, including all the dams on the Columbia River.

We've tied together 4000 miles of track for one of the nation's major railroads—the longest private microwave system in the world.

Our telecommunication systems are at the heart of many closed-circuit networks. We're helping to bring a wide choice of television programs to places like Cactus, Arizona and Walla Walla, Washington.

We've even helped turn a nationwide brokerage house into a home. Our equipment sluices enormous amounts of financial data back and forth between Wall St., Sunset Blvd. and 50-odd points in between.

Often we just bring two places together. Out in Kansas, we set up a microwave system

between a medical school and its associated hospital. Now that we've cut out the 37 miles between them, students can watch tonsils being cut out without leaving their classrooms.

And in California, where there's a two-reservoir system that supplies water and power to the Oakland area, we've put in a telemetering system that allows one dam to be controlled from another 10 miles away.

Our GTE Lenkurt subsidiary makes some pretty sophisticated equipment to do all these things, equipment that can handle large volumes of voice communications and data simultaneously. We can stuff dozens of conversations into a single phone or microwave link, feeding them in like bundles of spaghetti and unravelling them at the other end.

In fact, for 25 years we've been one of the largest suppliers of equipment to the telephone industry. And we've installed telecommunication systems all over the world.

If you're in power, oil, pipelines, broadcasting, railroads or any other business that's spread all over the map, we'll help you get it all together.

The first thing to do is get together with us.



GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

Punning: The Candidate at Word and Ploy

In his scramble for the Democratic presidential nomination, Senator Edmund Muskie has uttered several statements so shocking to the sensibilities that his own aide has called them "a disease." Candidate Muskie obviously regards them as pretty amusing. Actually, both men are correct; Muskie has simply succumbed to paronophilia—the inordinate love of puns. Twice in New Hampshire he has assured audiences that the state cannot be taken for granite, and at the state capital he announced to a stunned reporter: "We just Concord the statehouse." At defenseless Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he counted the house and cracked to his audience: "I can see that things are Coe-equal here."

Overseas, his punshots have gone wilder. While in Cairo before going on to Russia last year, he asked to visit the mosque containing Nasser's burial place. "After all," he said, "we're on our way to Mosque-Cow, aren't we?" At the tomb, when a member of his party removed his shoes according to Islamic custom and revealed a hole in his sock, Muskie shrugged: "We're in a holy place, aren't we?" When he learned that the Russians were being difficult and might not issue visas to his press entourage, he had one ready for that too: "Well, Soviet."

If Muskie is nominated, his aides will doubtless do their best to eliminate some of his worst puns from the national hustings. But once punning gets into the bloodstream, it seems to be as intoxicating as alcohol. Even that master of precocked prose, Richard Nixon, could not resist a pun on the morning after he was elected to the presidency. Referring to a presidential seal that Julie had stitched and framed for him, Nixon described it as "the kindest thing that I had happen, even though it's crewel." That conjures up the frightening vision of a Nixon-Muskie race in which the two candidates pun for the presidency.

Puns are not newcomers to the primitive art of political mayhem. Adlai Stevenson, whose puns were superior to both Muskie's and Nixon's, once characterized Barry Goldwater as "a man who thinks everything will be better in the rear future"; he declared on another occasion: "He who slings mud generally loses ground." Franklin Roosevelt's foes insisted on calling his bright young advisers "the Drain Trust" and referring to some of his programs as ushering in a new "Age of Chiseler." In the 1800s the critics of British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli labeled him England's Jew *d'Esprit*.

Though puns may be used to political advantage—or disadvantage—punning has traditionally been more the farm of the artist than the playground of the politician. By punning, which probably derives from the Italian *puntiglio* (fine point), the writer grows ideas as well as wit. Aristophanes punned, with scatological exuberance, and so did Homer and Cicero. What was occasional in the classicists was frequent nature to Shakespeare. Because he had to play to the galleries, his plays were par for the coarse, brimming with such verbal pratfalls as "Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." But Shakespeare could also buff the pun until it shone like art. Says the bleeding Mercutio: "Ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man." "You see how this world goes," Lear says to the blind Gloucester. "I see it feelingly," Gloucester replies.

Even with masters like Shakespeare, the pun is language, a trick to reconcile opposites, a method of giving a

long sentence a parole. It was not until 1922 and *Ulysses* that James Joyce made it a literature unto itself. In *Finnegans Wake*, words become quintuple exposures; the reader has to search for a glimpse of something recognizable. In *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*, Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson explicate a typical and relatively easy example: "Into *boudoir* Joyce inserts the letter *I* and converts the word to *boudeloire*, thus adding a river association, 'Loire.' Clinging to the word also are the French associations, *bouder*, 'to pout' and *boue*, 'mud.'" Not to mention a reference to the poet Baudelaire. After you've grappled with *Finnegans Wake*, any pun seems accessible.

A simpler, journalistic style of punning was created by the Algonquin Round Table of the '20s and '30s. Dubbed the Vicious Circle, it became Prohibition's battlefield, where columnists taunted their wags and reported puns the instant they were composed. When a Vassar girl eloped, Playwright George S. Kaufman announced that she had "put the heart before the course." Dorothy Parker confessed that in her own poetry she was always "chasing Rimbauds." Alexander Woolcott knew of "a cat hospital where they charged \$4 a weak purr." Heywood Broun, drinking a bootleg liquor, sighed, "Any port in a storm." "The groans that greet such puns," claims Milton Berle (who once joked that he had cut off his nose to spite his race), "are usually envious. The other person wishes he had said it."

Language, like the world it represents, can never be static. Even today the pun survives fitfully in tabloid headlines: JUDGES WEIGH FAN DANCER'S ACT, FIND IT WANTON. It survives in the humor of S.J. Perelman, the only post-Joycean writer capable of fluent bilingual flippancy: "*los voliscum*," "the Saucier's Apprentice," and the neo-Joycean "Anna Trivia Pluralized." The pun makes its happiest regular appearance in the work of Novelist Peter De Vries, who writes stories about compulsive punners. "I can't stop," he claims. "I even *dream* verbal puns. Like the one in which a female deer was chasing a male deer. I woke up and realized it was a dog trying to make a fast buck."

Like the limerick, the pun may well be a folk-art form that defies condescension, scorn and contempt, and possesses the lust for survival of an amoeba. There will always be some, like that formidable adamant, Vladimir Nabokov, who believes that the pun is mightier than the word, that people who cannot play with words cannot properly work with them. "A man who could call a spade a spade," Oscar Wilde remarked, "should be compelled to use one."

With a little encouragement a man can bounce and jingle phrases all his life. That few do—and fewer still do well—may be the fault of formal education, which overstresses the discipline of sequential facts. Tired of such lock steps, the mind takes leaps—sometimes to fresh revelation. The pun is such a jump, but politicians, above all, should look before they leap. If puns are to be part of this year's political campaigns, it is to be hoped that the efforts will improve. Already Muskie's punning has begun to work up a backlash. His opponents are telling the apocryphal story of the Eskimo chairman of Senator George McGovern's Alaska campaign, who was giving a speech in favor of the Senator recently when a group of Muskie supporters began heckling him, drowning him out with boos and whistles. The Eskimo's comeback: "Hush, you Muskies!"

■ Stefan Kanfer



© THEO STEINBERG, FROM "THE LABYRINTH" (HARPER), ORIGINALLY IN THE NEW YORKER



Surprise.

A machine famous for not breaking down.



1972 Maverick 2-door Sedan
shown with optional Action
Protection Groups, white
sidewall tires and tinted glass.

Seems like most machines you buy today end up costing you more money just to keep them running. That's what makes Ford Maverick so exceptional. Maverick is a simple, uncomplicated machine—so there's less chance of *anything* going wrong. What's more, a good-looking, family-sized Maverick can be yours for surprisingly little money. Standard 6 or optional V-8. 2-door, 4-door or sporty Grabber.

Maverick: If reliability is important to you.

FORD MAVERICK
FORD DIVISION 



No one can take the ultimate weight of decision-making off your shoulders. But the more you know

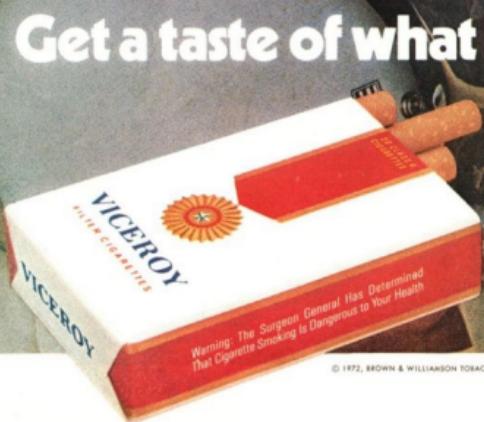


about how things really are, the lighter the burden will be.

IBM. Not just data, reality.



Get a taste of what it's all about.



**Get the
full taste
of Viceroy.**

© 1972, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Aug. 71.

Postage Due

"The proposed postal increase," complained *New Yorker* Publisher David Michaels, "would go far beyond what the magazine business can support." Richard Deems, Hearst Magazines president, said that his company was "terribly disturbed." John J. McCarthy, a vice president of Dow Jones & Co. (the *Wall Street Journal*), viewed the figures as "horrendous."

These and other protests came last week as magazines and newspapers fought another round with the U.S. Postal Service over a scheduled rise in second-class mail rates. It was the publishers' turn to lodge "exceptions" to a hearing examiner's report that had upheld the Postal Service proposals. The industry views the increase of some 150% over five years as ruinous (*TIME*, Jan. 10) and the Magazine Publishers Association is arguing for a phased increase of 50% over five years.

The rate increases go next to the five-member Postal Rate Commission for possible modification and then to the nine Governors of the Postal Service for final approval. At that point, the publishers can take their case to the U.S. Court of Appeals. However, M.P.A. President Stephen Kelly and others believe that new legislation from Congress is a more promising route. The publishers have already started making their argument on Capitol Hill.

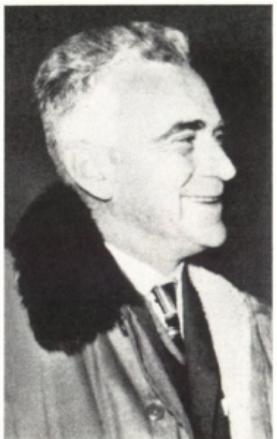
Hog Wild. In recent testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, Time Inc. Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell said that a huge second-class increase could compromise the First Amendment guarantee of a free press by affecting magazines' ability to survive. He cited some potentially disastrous arithmetic: "pretax earnings of all magazines in 1970 were about \$50 million. Under the present proposal, magazines would pay \$130 million more for mail service by 1976 . . . Magazines can be killed by Government, by denying them the revenues that they require to exist, or by making it impossible for them to distribute their product."

Senator Sam Ervin, the subcommittee chairman, agreed that press freedom could be curtailed "by exorbitant charges on distribution of materials," and suggested the Postal Service should be considered an essential distribution vehicle "just like the air waves for broadcast media." Democratic Congressman Charles Wilson, a member of the House Post Office Committee, believes a public service like the mails should not be allowed to set rates so high as to limit its use. Said Wilson of the Postal Service: "They've gone hog wild." How many other members of Congress agree remains to be seen.

Mao's Columbus

For decades, Western journalists writing about China found themselves using phrases like "As Chou En-lai once told Edgar Snow . . ." or "As Mao Tse-tung recently explained to Snow . . ." Journalist-Author Snow not only had unique access to Peking and a lifetime of expertise but also a personal friendship with Mao dating back to the 1930s. Last year Mao's American friend could relate reliably in *LIFE* that the Chairman would welcome a visit by Richard Nixon "either as a tourist or as President."

Snow was planning to cover the



CHINA EXPERT EDGAR SNOW
Lifelong love affair.

Nixon trip this week for *LIFE*. But he began having backaches last year; what he dismissed as lumbago turned out to be cancer. Chou showed his concern by dispatching two doctors and a nurse from Peking, but they could not help. Last week, with his wife, son and daughter at his bedside, Snow, 66, died in his farmhouse at Eysins, Switzerland — on the Chinese New Year's Day, and just six days before President Nixon's arrival in Peking. Said Mao in a personal message to Snow's widow: "His memory will live in the hearts of the Chinese people."

Cooed-Up Rebels. Though one of his forebears had been appointed the first resident consul in Canton by President James Madison, it was mostly wanderlust that led the Missouri-born Snow into a lifelong love affair with China. After earning a journalism degree at the University of Missouri and working as a reporter briefly in Kansas

City and New York, he set out on a round-the-world trip in 1928. He intended to visit China for only six weeks, but the country captivated him, and he was outraged by the suffering he saw. In the course of covering China for the *New York Sun* and other publications, he gradually grew disillusioned with Chiang Kai-shek's regime. Snow decided that the mysterious rebels cooped up in the northwest by Chiang's troops were the wave of China's future.

He finally broke through the Nationalist blockade of the Communists in northern Shensi province in 1936 and spent four months with Mao, Chou and other leaders. The resulting book, *Red Star Over China*, was a masterpiece of reporting, and it cast Snow from then on as both a biographer and a sometime spokesman for Mao. Author Theodore White, who covered China during World War II, calls *Red Star* "an example of classic reportage. Ed's discovery and description of Chinese Communism was a staggering achievement, like Columbus discovering America." Said Snow of Mao: "Here is a man in whom you feel a certain force of destiny, a kind of solid, elemental vitality."

Ironic Gossip. Snow correctly saw the Communists as much more than a bunch of bandits. But his enthusiastic characterization of the leaders as Red Robin Hoods seemed somewhat overdrawn. Later, during Joseph McCarthy's heyday, Snow was castigated as a Red propagandist. Ironically, he was also the target of gossip linking him to the Central Intelligence Agency. Whatever the charges, Snow never forgot that he was an American. He made no move to renounce citizenship, as did some admirers of Mao, and his 20-year-old daughter Sian (the name means "Western Peace" in Mandarin) is a student at Antioch College.

Snow's reporting remained indispensable to serious students of China. His 1962 book, *The Other Side of the River: Red China Today*, is widely regarded as the best single piece of writing on China under the Communists. More recent articles concentrated on the current Chinese life-style. They included crisp, if hardly conclusive comparisons with conditions in the West: "The man in the street is well fed, in good health, adequately clothed . . . His worries do not include increases in food prices, the cost of Medicare or taxes. He lives within a slender budget, but in compensation he doesn't know debts, mortgages, the fear of hunger which afflicted his parents."

On his last trip to Peking, in 1970, Snow was invited to stand beside Mao on the rostrum at the National Day celebrations. The visitor accurately interpreted this honor as a sign that Mao wanted better relations with the U.S., and Mao confirmed that in his interview with Snow, in which he virtually invited Nixon to come to Peking,

Snow's criticism of Peking's au-

THE PRESS

What do you *really* want when you do business with someone? Your needs always kept uppermost. Your confidence respected and held in trust. Skillful and continuous service. Accurate, complete, honest information. The life insurance agents who subscribe to The Code of Ethics of The National Association of Life Underwriters pledge themselves to fulfilling a high professional duty to those they serve. Affiliated local members of **NALU** ... **The National Association of Life Underwriters** ... are dedicated to serving your best interests through a meaningful and relevant Code of Ethics.



thoritarian excesses sometimes seemed too low-key. The reason was, perhaps, that Snow saw himself as a contributor to better relations between Peking and Washington. To the end, he was interested in preserving his precious contacts against the day of just such an event as the Nixon trip. That visit, Snow said, could open "a new era of Far Eastern and world politics."

Short Takes

► The power of prayer moveth even *Playboy*, it appears. Debbie Hanlon, 19, was photographed peeking coyly from beneath a quilt for the magazine's cover last November, and was due to reveal all on a polka-dotted sheet as the forthcoming April Playmate. But while studying to be a member of Je-



RELUCTANT PLAYMATE HANLON
Prayer over polka dots.

hovah's Witnesses, the pretty model had second thoughts about the probity of Playmatehood and begged the magazine to scrap the April centerfold. "Everyone laughed," said Debbie. "They thought I was kidding. The next morning I got up and prayed like mad." Then she called *Playboy* again. This time the message got through, and an alternate will appear in April.

► When Eugene Patterson resigned last August as managing editor of the *Washington Post*, after chafing under the imposing presence of Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee, he took a professorship at Duke University's Institute of Policy Sciences "to write my books and try my mind at teaching." But Patterson, 48, could not stay away from newspapering. On June 1 he will become president and editor of the morning *Times* and afternoon *Independent* in St. Petersburg, Fla. He thinks that there will be no chafing this time. "This gives me the chance to be the No. 1 guy," says Patterson, "to put my own imprint on a paper."

Superstitious?

In our most compulsive desire to make new friends we had decided to give away a whole truckload of **MACK THE KNIFE** ... masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen, glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated versatile **MACK KNIFE OF THE YEAR**. But, alas, our generous impulse was shattered by one of our superstitious numeraries who ominously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an incipient friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye") we should assess a token charge! Reluctantly giving in to this troglodyte we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," (although he lists for \$4.95 in our catalog). AND—that isn't all. For that same \$1 we'll also send you our **COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE** (good for your first purchase). If you think this is an unusual offer you're right. Better take advantage of it before our accountants returns from vacation and reads us the Riot Act!



□ I can't resist your amazing offer. Here is my \$1 bill. (No checks please, they drive our bankers mad!) Rush me "MACK," THE MULTIPURPOSE KNIFE (Slicer, Fish Scaler, Beer Can Opener, Rabbit Skinner, From-the-Jar Pickle Snatcher, Fish Hinder-Downer), **COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE**.

(Please, only one per customer. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.)

Name _____

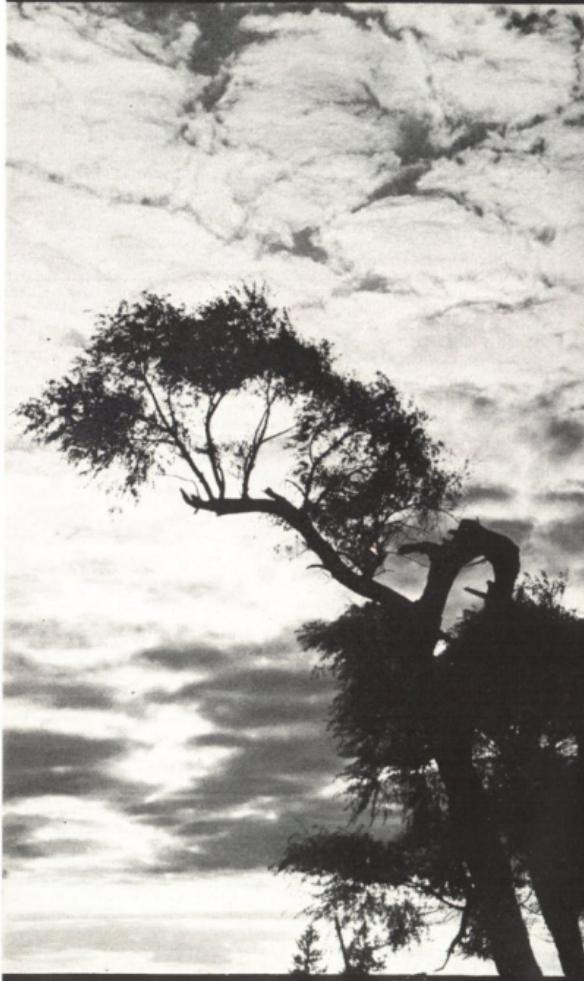
Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill's
Dept. "Mack", 582 Washington
San Francisco, Ca. 94111

1025
250.1

In the end...God.



"We've always heard that
"In the beginning God created
heaven and earth..."

For most of us, that was too
long ago to be of immediate
concern, but all of us are
concerned about the end.

The end of everything we've
lived for. What happens then?

And what about between
now and then? Is there any
meaning to life? Is there a God?
If there is, why does He allow
war, sickness, death, poverty,
pollution?

If your knowledge of the
Bible is limited to the three wise
men and Moses in the
bulrushes, maybe it's time to
dig a little deeper. Perhaps
we can help.

That's why, starting March
4th, the doors of Seventh-day
Adventist churches from coast
to coast will open to the public
for a series of community
Bible study sessions with the
theme, "Reach Out for Life."

Please join us. For
information on the location
nearest you, phone the toll-free
number below.

Sponsored by your Seventh-
day Adventist neighbors.
Co-sponsored by "The Voice of
Prophecy," "Faith for Today"
"It is Written."

For additional information or
a free guide to home Bible study,
Write: Reach Out for Life,
Department T
6840 Eastern Ave.
Washington, D. C. 20012



Call toll free (800) 424-8530

EDUCATION

The Milk Snatcher

The London *Sunday Express* called her "the lady nobody loves," and the *Sun* declared: "She is the most unpopular woman in Britain." Edward Britten, the general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, has said that her policies are "producing chaos." To former Laborite Education Minister Edward Short, she is a "national disaster." In playgrounds, children taunt her for cutting off their free milk by chanting: "Mrs. Thatcher, milk snatcher!"

The target of these angry accusations is Margaret Thatcher, 46, a

blue-eyed blonde who for nearly two years has served as Britain's Minister of Education. Some criticism of the Conservative Cabinet's only female member centers on her genteel mannerisms—her Establishment tweeds and her cool, monotonous voice. "I've had everything thrown at me," she protests. "I'm too soft; I'm too hard, I think people really do resent it when you know the answers."

The more serious criticism is that she has the wrong answers, that she is an elitist, hostile to all efforts at liberalizing Britain's class-ridden school system. Traditionally, the 8,000,000 children in state schools take a rugged series of tests at the age of 11 and then are divided into the brightest 20%, mostly middle class, who go to academic "grammar schools," and the slower 80%, who are sent to "secondary modern schools." In the 1950s, authorities began slowly merging these two kinds of schools into more egalitarian institutions called "comprehensives," which now make up almost one-third of the secondary schools. Mrs. Thatcher's first official act was to slow the pace of these mergers.

Equally Bad. "I have sometimes thought," Mrs. Thatcher explains, "that some extreme advocates of equality would be happy even if all the children were in bad schools so long as they were all equally bad. I believe there is still a place for select schools of excellence." Mrs. Thatcher herself is the wife of a wealthy oilman, so she is among the 7% of British parents who can afford to send their children to expensive private schools (her 18-year-old twin went to Harrow and St. Paul's). "No one would demand that everyone live in the same kind of house," says Mrs. Thatcher. "So why shouldn't parents buy a different kind of education for their children?"

She insists that she is not indifferent to the common people, however. "I am a grocer's daughter," she says. "I served behind the counter, and there was no money for treats. I never went to a dance until the university." She went to a state school, won a scholarship to Oxford, became a research chemist, then switched to the law, specializing in tax cases. She entered Parliament in 1959 and was given a government post within three years. Says one colleague: "She could well be the first woman Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Mrs. Thatcher brought the fiscal toughness of a future Chancellor to the nation's schools. Instead of rebuilding the most dilapidated secondary schools—a program originally planned as part of the trend toward the comprehensives—Mrs. Thatcher has budgeted £132 million (\$343 million) for the improvement and replace-

ment of 460 primary schools. "Primary education is the foundation of all later education," she explains. "The value of later opportunities is lost if a child does not get off to a good start."

Mrs. Thatcher has other ambitious plans—an allotment of \$525 million over three years for the improvement of technical and vocational colleges and a program to increase the number of nursery schools, particularly in remote areas. She is also pushing legislation, which was shelved by the Labor government for economy reasons, to raise the age for leaving school from 15 to 16.

Rickets and TB. To help finance such plans, Mrs. Thatcher undertook her most furiously criticized venture. At a saving of \$99 million, she increased the price of school lunches by one-third and abolished free milk rations for some 3.5 million primary schoolchildren. One independent research group promptly charged that the abolition of free milk would cause the number of children with a calcium deficiency to increase from 13% of the primary school population to 34%. Some school administrators announced that they would pay for free milk out of local property taxes, but Mrs. Thatcher put through a bill making this illegal. Even then, the poor Welsh mining town of Merthyr Tydfil went on distributing free milk because, as School Councilor Bryn Watkins said, "we know all about malnutrition, rickets and TB here." That revolt ended when local officials were notified that they would be personally liable for the milk bills of \$5,200 a term.

Mrs. Thatcher dismisses her critics easily: "People who resort to personal attacks usually do so because their arguments are so weak. I will not be hounded. I will never be driven anywhere against my will." Though her critics may be numerous, Prime Minister Edward Heath is not one of them. He recently rejected a demand for her resignation and said that her regime had been "a period of remarkable achievement."

Expensive Bargain

As more and more parents, students and state legislators are discovering, the cost of a college education is rising to painful heights. But what are some of the alternatives? According to Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corp. of New York, who undoubtedly has a professional interest in promoting higher education, it costs an average of \$4,000 to keep a student in college for a year, but it would cost \$7,500 to keep that same youth in military service, \$7,800 in VISTA and \$10,000 in the Peace Corps. Spending public money on colleges, Pifer concludes rosily in the Carnegie annual report, is not "the extravagance many people believe it to be, but a national bargain."



EDUCATION MINISTER THATCHER

PRESS ASSOCIATION



PICKETS PROTESTING MILK CUTS
"I will not be hounded."



Plymouth Gold Duster. Room for five. Roof for free.

When you buy our specially-equipped Plymouth Gold Duster, you can get the canopy vinyl roof at no extra charge.

The way it works is, we're not charging our dealers for the good-looking gold canopy vinyl roof on Gold Dusters equipped with white sidewall tires, special wheel covers, interior vinyl trim and a few other specified items. So your dealer can offer it to you **free**. (Or you can get a black vinyl roof, depending on the exterior color you choose.)

That's like getting a bargain on top of a bargain. Because, for the money, the Duster is one small car that really *does* have a lot to offer.

With everything from room to seat five adults comfortably...to an economical 198 cubic inch Slant Six engine that stretches your gas dollar...to its unibody construc-

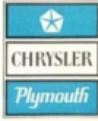
tion for strength and torsion-bar suspension for good handling.

Besides all this, we're committed to building our cars to run better and last longer than any we've ever built. And that includes the Duster.

You can see the specially-equipped Gold Duster at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.

Win stock in a gold mine and a Gold Duster.

You could win 100 shares of stock in the still active, nugget-yielding Yellowknife Consolidated Gold Mine, and a 1972 Plymouth Gold Duster. Or one of four Gold Dusters as second prize. So visit your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer soon and pick up an entry form in the "Pan for Gold" Contest. Everyone who enters wins a replica of a Twenty Dollar California gold piece!



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

*Contest Rules. 1. No purchase necessary. 2. All unclaimed prizes will be awarded by random drawing from entries submitted. No cash substitutions for prizes. 3. Contest open to all licensed drivers, 18 years or older. 4. Contest closes midnight March 31, 1972. 5. Void in Washington, Wisconsin, Missouri, and where prohibited by law. 6. Winners are liable for all state and local taxes. 7. Not eligible for prizes are employees and IRS dependents of Chrysler-Plymouth Division, its dealers, advertising agencies, and Visual Services, Inc.

Grow with the magazine that is growing too!



Chances are, you've been reading about all that's new and exciting in Saturday Review.

But reading about SR won't give you the wealth of information and ideas you'll get by actually reading America's thought-weekly regularly.

So we're making it as easy and economical as possible for you to get acquainted—or re-acquainted—with SR. The new, full-service Saturday Review. At half the regular subscription rate.

A MAGAZINE THAT KEEPS GROWING

Since its inception, Saturday Review has been a continuously growing, changing magazine.

And now—to provide material for the decision-makers of today's knowledge society...and to meet tomorrow's changing information needs—SR is quickening its pace of growth, adding new dimensions.

SR is expanding—with color, and more pages—its coverage of the world about us. First we'll look at the arts, continuing SR's long-standing interest in the fine and performing arts...in communications...in the new area of MultiMedia. But now SR will provide more coverage in depth than has ever been possible in a weekly...drawing together SR's critique of events in the arts and close-ups of the people whose imaginations have created the events.

The following week, SR will spotlight education in the same breadth and depth. Then an issue devoted to our society—social changes, politics, people, and business. To complete the four-week cycle...an issue covering science—science in the broadest context of human affairs.

Thus SR will become—on successive weeks—Saturday Review of the Arts...Saturday Review of Education...Saturday Review of the Society...and Saturday Review of Science. Four magazines for the price of one...

...To help you view the world of knowledge from four different vantage points. To keep abreast of all that is taking place around you. To learn more about the important ideas, innovations, experiments, discoveries, performances, personalities that are shaping the world and your future.

LEADING AUTHORITIES WRITE FOR SR REGULARLY

Saturday Review is a unique forum-in-print that brings together experts in a variety of fields...

Ralph Nader...Margaret Mead...Ramsey Clark...Senators Fulbright, Javits, Muskie, Proxmire, and Ribicoff...Arnold Toynbee...Henry Steele Commager...Pierre Boulez...Alfred Kazin...Barry Commoner...Robert C. Heilbroner...Theodore H. White...Ivan Illich...and many others.

SR topics are as lively and far-ranging as your own interests. Some recent examples:

- *The Failure of Federal Gun Control*
- *The New Sexennialism*
- *Financing Schools: Property Tax Is Obsolete*
- *Mercury: How Much Are We Eating?*
- *Scenario for an American Renaissance*
- *The Best Seller Bamboozle*
- *Can We Bust the Highway Trust?*
- *The Coming Age of News Monopoly*

There's a refreshing lighter side to today's Saturday Review, too. Cartoons...fascinating brain teasers...and a variety of feature columns that combine wit and wisdom.

Plus, of course, SR's significant editorials. And the most complete and authoritative review of books—both hardbound and paperbacks—to be found in any general magazine in America...

Sounds like a lot of magazine. Or more accurately, a lot of magazines. And it is. See for yourself. Take advantage of this special offer for new subscribers:

HALF-PRICE
34 ISSUES ONLY 3.93

You enjoy copies at 50% of the regular subscription rate. Less than 12¢ an issue...*the lowest price available anywhere!*

Money-Back Guarantee: If Saturday Review isn't all you expect and hope for, you may cancel your subscription *at any time* and receive a full refund on unmailed copies.

Saturday Review
380 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017



SPEEDING SNOWMOBILE FLIPS OVER ON RACE COURSE NORTH OF TORONTO

BEHAVIOR

Snowmobile Psychology

This winter, there are 1.4 million snowmobiles abroad in the land, and the number is growing fast. Nature lovers, insisting that the little vehicles cause damage to the environment and shatter the tranquillity of wilderness regions, have begun pressing for anti-snowmobile legislation. But prospects for effective regulation are poor; the likelihood of an outright ban is nil. Now, however, a study by a Michigan State University professor suggests a more subtle way to deal with the proliferation of the abominable snowmobile (as its foes call it). If it is made thoroughly safe to operate, devotees will get bored and look for something more exciting.

Social Science Professor David Klein has not actually made that proposal, but in a recent issue of the *Journal of Safety Research*, he makes a sweeping generalization about snowmobile enthusiasts: they court danger to achieve satisfactions that their dull jobs cannot provide. The problem, Klein theorizes, stems from the discrepancy between cultural values and reality. The derring-do that had survival value in frontier days is still extolled in the U.S.; yet it is obsolete. In an industrialized nation where most jobs are routine, a man cannot win status through on-the-job valor. To compensate, he surrounds himself with power tools, outboard motors, high-performance cars, snowmobiles and the like. These give him, at play, "the feelings of control, power, masculinity and risk no longer available at work."

So great is the need to live dan-

gerously, Klein believes, that most efforts to promote safety are doomed to failure: "Americans do not want as safe an environment as could be achieved. If an individual seeks risks, incorporation of safeguards into a recreational device is likely to send him in search of a less safe device."

Pot and Alcohol: Some New Views

President Nixon believes that the law should punish pot smokers. Thus it has been widely assumed that because nine of its 13 members¹ are Nixon appointees, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse would rubber-stamp Administration views when it made its recommendations to Congress. Last week, when the gist of the group's still unpublished report leaked out a month early, the skeptics were amazed. After a year of study, the commission has decided that criminal penalties for possession and for private use of marijuana should be entirely abolished.

Some of the key reasons for the recommendation:

► Even partial legislation of marijuana (sale and public smoking would remain criminal acts) might cut the use of heroin by taking "the young marijuana user out of a criminal drug-using subculture."

► Marijuana is not addictive, and the idea that pot smoking escalates to heroin use is "totally invalid."

► Most of them Congressmen, psychiatrists or lawyers.

► Marijuana has little or no relation to crime and violence; in fact, it may even help deter them by reducing aggressiveness.

► It is not rebellion or alienation that leads to pot use as much as the life-style of certain groups—and life-style and patterns of social behavior cannot readily be changed by legal fiat.

► Just as millions of Americans, undeterred by the Volstead Act, drank liquor illegally before Prohibition was repealed, so millions are now smoking marijuana. Scientists estimate that some 24 million have tried the drug. Three million are believed to use it from one to four times a month, another 5,000,000 smoke it at least once a week, and 300,000 daily or even more often. Within five years, believes Psychologist William McGlothlin of the University of California at Los Angeles, there may be 6,000,000 to 12 million weekly users and from 800,000 to 2.5 million daily ones.

Another drug, more widely used and abused, was the subject of a Government report last week. Alcohol, said the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, is the cause of the nation's major treatable—but largely untreated—illness.

Of the country's 95 million drinkers, nearly 9,000,000 are victims of alcoholism. Besides causing intense emotional suffering, the institute reported, alcoholism shortens the life of people by ten to a dozen years, sometimes through slow damage done to internal organs, sometimes through swift violence: autopsies show a high alcohol content in the blood of half of all traffic-accident victims and a third of all murder victims—many of whom were presumably killed by other drinkers. In addition, alcoholism costs the U.S. \$15 billion a year in property damage, lost work time and for health and welfare aid to alcoholics and their families.

Laughing Matter. Though the report states that alcoholism can be successfully treated by a variety of methods, mostly psychological, the nation persists in trying to handle the problem through law and punishment. In most states, public drunkenness can result in a fine or a jail term or both; a third of all arrests are for being drunk in public.

Part of the problem, says Institute Director Morris Chafetz, is that "America has been laughing at drunks. Yet studies show that countries where drunken behavior is socially acceptable have a lot of alcohol problems, while those that frown on drunks (for example, Israel, Italy and China) have the opposite experience." For this reason, the institute has just mounted an advertising campaign to promote moderation as opposed to excessive drinking. Warns one typical ad: "If you need a drink to be social, that's not social drinking."

THE BIGGEST SELLING VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING



This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

And to give you an idea of how good it is, here's how it stacks up, point by point, against America's favorite, the Volkswagen.

And not just the regular Volkswagen.

But the Super Beetle.

OUR PERFORMANCE VS. THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between

the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car. And also because pulling is a much more efficient way to move something than pushing.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant

truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

Now, since engines alone do not determine how well a car performs, there are a few other subjects we'd like to cover.

For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VS. THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road,

SMALL CAR IN EUROPE SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.



they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs \$167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION	
FIAT	20-50 mph
VW	20-50 mph
FIAT	40-70 mph
VW	40-70 mph

BRAKING	
FIAT	20-0 mph
VW	20-0 mph
FIAT	60-0 mph
VW	60-0 mph

BUMPER TO BUMPER	
FIAT	151.81 in.
VW	160.24 in.

FRONT SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE	
FIAT	53.50 in.
VW	46.0 in.

REAR SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE	
FIAT	49.875 in.
VW	47.125 in.

BACK SEAT - KNEE ROOM	
FIAT	31.00 in.
VW	25.75 in.

COST	
FIAT	\$1,992*
VW	\$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, F.O.B. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

MEDICINE

A Thymus for Maggie

Medical and ethical debate over liberalized abortion laws has centered on the woman and the unborn child. A by-product of legal abortions, however, can affect the vital interests of a third party: a desperately ill youngster who can be helped by a transplant from an aborted fetus. Such operations are still rare. But Dr. Arthur Ammann of the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center has performed two gland transplants that may encourage increasing use of fetal tissue.

Magdalena Vozaites, 5, is the daughter of a Greek immigrant family

MICHAEL ALEXANDER

could help Maggie. Ammann took advantage of California's liberalized abortion law to search for an appropriate fetal thymus. The task proved difficult: For best results, Ammann needed a transplant from a healthy fetus 14 to 20 weeks old. These are rare because most California abortions are performed before the twelfth week of pregnancy. But in December, Ammann found a woman who was having a late abortion on psychiatric grounds and got permission to use the fetus' thymus.

Moral Question. Flown to San Francisco in an insulated container, the thymus was implanted during a three-hour procedure. That proved relatively easy. Many other transplants must be hooked up to the circulatory system in order to function properly; the thymus, requiring no connection, is merely placed in the abdominal cavity. Maggie's liver and spleen, which had become enlarged during her illnesses, have decreased in size. She is now at home, and her immunological system appears to be working normally.

Last month, Ammann tried the operation again on Matthew Octavio of Petaluma, four weeks old, who suffered from an immune defect that had killed six of his cousins. He was sent home, then returned to hospital with a possible respiratory infection, which the transplant might help him to overcome.

Despite its success, the operation is likely to come under fire from opponents of abortion who question the morality of using tissue from aborted fetuses. But Ammann sees no ethical problems in his operation. "We don't go around soliciting abortions," he says. "These are abortions that are already being done for other reasons." Dr. Samuel Kountz, a kidney specialist at the U.C. Medical Center, would like to try an even bolder operation—the transplant of a fetal kidney.

Capsules

► All too many doctors fail to keep up with new medical developments, and to remedy this, authorities in some states are taking action. The Oregon Medical Association (2,400 members) was the first to make continued training a condition of membership. A physician must spend at least 50 hours a year attending professional meetings and courses or preparing and publishing research reports. As a result of this requirement, 17 members have recently resigned or been expelled, losing various benefits, though not the right to practice. A New Mexico law to take effect in November will jeopardize even that, requiring doctors to average 40 educational hours annually or lose their licenses.

► Though epilepsy can be controlled by drugs, it has generally been

regarded as incurable. New evidence, however, suggests that some children outgrow epilepsy. Researchers at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that children kept free of convulsions by long-term drug treatment can go on without seizures even after the medicine is stopped. Of 148 epileptic children who had been taking anticonvulsant preparations for at least four years, only 24% suffered new attacks after the end of drug use.

► Ever since researchers found that a certain something in the diet promotes the growth of strong, healthy bone and thus combats rickets, they have believed that it must be a vitamin. For half a century this something has been famous as "vitamin D." Virtually all U.S. milk and much bread and breakfast cereals are fortified with it by a process developed at the University of Wisconsin in 1924 by Biologist Harry Steenbock. He patented the technique and the royalties have enriched Steenbock's Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. Now a biochemist and Steenbock protégé at the same university, Dr. Hector DeLuca, says that the stuff is not a vitamin like the other simple, essential components in food, but a hormonal substance with a complex biochemical role. DeLuca also has evidence that the substance must undergo metabolic changes in the liver and kidneys before it can perform its function of regulating calcium levels in bone and blood. Whatever scientists may decide about the true nature of the basic D material, DeLuca concedes that the misnomer on milk cartons and bread wrappers will probably stick.

► All U.S. polio vaccines until now have been made from killed or attenuated viruses grown in cultures of cells taken from monkey kidneys. The process and the vaccinations are highly effective, but manufacturers—and some physicians—fear that other viruses lurking in the monkey kidneys may slip into the vaccine with unpredictable effects on the human recipient. One strain monkey virus has turned up in some vaccine samples. Many virologists believe that it would be better to make the vaccine from viruses grown in human cells, specifically in a strain developed by Dr. Leonard Hayflick and Dr. Paul S. Moorhead. Originally derived from the lung tissue of a Swedish aborted fetus, this strain is pure, will reproduce itself 50 times and allows a huge yield of cellular material. Britain already uses polio vaccine produced in these cells, and the U.S.S.R. is switching to it. But for years the U.S. regulatory agency, the Division of Biologics Standards in the National Institutes of Health, has refused to license such a vaccine. Now DBS has set guidelines for U.S. manufacturers and is expected soon to approve a polio vaccine produced in Hayflick's cultures, to be marketed by Pfizer Laboratories.



MAGDALENA & AMMANN
Seeking immunity.

living in Daly City, Calif. The victim of a birth defect that prevented her from resisting infection, Maggie has had illness as her constant companion since infancy. During one 18-month period, she was hospitalized nine times with serious infections, including pneumonia. It was questionable whether she would survive childhood.

Vital Gland. Last summer, Maggie was referred to Ammann, a specialist in pediatric immunology. When she failed to respond to injections of a white blood cell extract as a means of arousing immunity, Ammann realized that the problem was in her thymus gland—a butterfly-shaped bit of tissue that lies just behind the breastbone. The gland has a key role in the development of the body's immune responses. In one previous case, Ammann knew, implantation of a thymus from a miscarried fetus stimulated this process in a child born without the gland.

Hopeful that a similar operation

Josephus and Jesus

About this time there lived Jesus, a wise man, if indeed one ought to call him a man. For he was one who wrought surprising feats and was a teacher of such people as accept the truth gladly . . . He was the Messiah. When Pilate, upon hearing him accused by men of the highest standing among us, had condemned him to be crucified, those who had . . . come to love [him] did not cease. On the third day he appeared to them restored to life. For the prophets of God had prophesied these and myriads of other marvelous [things] about him . . .

—Flavius Josephus, in

The Antiquities of the Jews

That passage by Josephus, a 1st century Jewish historian writing in Greek, was for centuries perhaps the most cited piece of non-Christian testimony to the life and works of Jesus. Tacitus and Pliny mentioned Jesus briefly, as did Josephus in another shorter passage in his *Antiquities*. But Josephus' ingenuous paragraph appeared to be everything that Christian apologists could ask from a supposedly unbiased source: virtual confirmation of the basic truths of their faith. The trouble was, scholars began to object during the Enlightenment, that such a passage could hardly have been written by a nonbeliever, and had almost certainly been reworked by some pious Christian editor. As historical evidence, the *Testimonium Flavianum*, as the passage was called, fell into disrepute.

Now a clearly more authentic version of Josephus' testimony has surfaced. Professor Shlomo Pines, a Jew and professor of philosophy at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, has announced the discovery of a long-overlooked text of the Josephus passage in a 10th century Arabic work. Despite the relative lateness of the work, Pines contends that it is far closer to what Josephus originally may have written than the traditional Greek text is.

Good Conduct. To begin with, Pines' version simply describes Jesus as "a wise man" whose "conduct was good" and who "was known to be virtuous." Moreover, it does not mention any involvement of the Jewish leaders in Jesus' trial, a good test of authenticity; any Christian apologist tempted to tamper with the text would almost surely have mentioned the Jews' role. As far as the resurrection is concerned, the 10th century manuscript recounts it only as a claim: "His disciples . . . reported that he had appeared to them three days after his crucifixion and that he was alive; accordingly, he was perhaps the Messiah concerning whom the prophets have recounted wonders."

Pines considers it probable that the

newly discovered passage was at least partially written by Josephus. His colleague at Hebrew University, Comparative Religion Professor David Flusser, regards its authenticity as certain. But the two agree in thinking that the new passage derives from a quotation of Josephus in an early edition of an ecclesiastical history by Bishop Eusebius of Caesarea, a commanding figure of 3rd and 4th century Christianity. In a later edition of his history, they speculate, Eusebius inserted instead the traditional *Testimonium Flavianum* because it was more in keeping with the Christian conception of Jesus. Only the fact that the more authentic passage was

CULVER PICTURES



JEWISH HISTORIAN FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS
Saved from the editors.

passed down to the 10th century in Syriac, the scholars believe, may have saved it from church editors.

The irony is that whoever tinkered with the original Josephus passage—whether it was Eusebius or some other eager apologist—ended up making Josephus' testimony suspect to later generations. In his zeal to refashion Josephus' Jesus in the Christian mold, the tamperer succeeded only in weakening the credibility of the text—even as proof of Jesus' existence.

Tidings

► The filmstrips were part of a sex education course prepared by the Unitarian Universalist Association, but that cut no ice with the district attorney of Waukesha County, Wis. The strips included scenes of a nude couple having intercourse, of masturbation and of the behavior of homosexuals. D.A. Richard McConnell told the Uni-

tarian Church West in the Milwaukee suburb of Brookfield that if it showed the strips without first establishing "ground rules" with him, "prosecution could be the result." The 345 members of the congregation, convinced that the course was suitable for their twelve- to 14-year-old children, voted to go ahead with it. They also brought a federal suit to prevent McConnell from prosecuting. The court issued a temporary injunction. Last week the course began. Interference with it, warned Judge John W. Reynolds, would violate "three of the most fundamental rights an American has—freedom of religion, freedom of parents to educate their children, and freedom of speech."

► The name of the game is names in the newly renamed Zaïre Republic, formerly Republic of the Congo. When President Joseph Mobutu announced a "return to Zaïre authenticity" last month and changed his name to one with a more African sound, Mobutu-Sese-Seko (TIME, Jan. 24), many of Zaïre's citizens loyally followed suit. But then came a word of caution to the nation's 8,000,000 Roman Catholics from Joseph Cardinal Malula, 54, Archbishop of Kinshasa and one of Africa's three black cardinals. Malula, though long an advocate of African culture, balked at Christians giving up their baptismal names, and said so in an article in the Catholic weekly magazine, *Afrique Chrétienne*. Roman Catholic Mobutu promptly bounced the cardinal from his government-owned residence and suspended the magazine for six months. At a rally, Mobutu said that his one-time close friend Malula "must no longer be Archbishop of Kinshasa." Last week the situation seemed to ease somewhat. Zaïre's ruling party ordered that African names are henceforth required, but noted that new identity cards would also carry the bearer's baptismal name in small print. Meanwhile, the Vatican announced a new rite for adult Christian baptism that provided that future converts could keep their indigenous names rather than take those of saints.

► When Pope Paul promised in a "pastoral instruction" last summer to improve the often sluggish flow of Vatican news, Press Spokesman Father Edward L. Heston insisted that the Holy See would practice what it preached. Heston, 64, an American priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross, was soon named president of the Pontifical Commission for Social Communications. Since then, Rome newsmen have noted an improvement in the release of Vatican information. Yet Heston observed recently: "Often a sergeant is capable of doing as good a job as a general, but he can't because he doesn't have the stars on his shoulders." Now Heston has his stars. Consecrated an archbishop last week by the Pope in St. Peter's, Heston took his elevation as proof that "the Holy Father is not entirely displeased" with his work.

The Lost Atlantis

The hottest arguments and the highest enthusiasm in archaeology today swirl round the small Aegean island of Santorini. There Professor Spyridon don Marinatos, director of the Greek Department of Antiquities, is digging up evidence to explain the downfall of the great Minoan civilization in the middle of the second millennium B.C. Former TIME Art Editor Alexander Eliot, who has also written extensively on Greek history and mythology, recently visited Santorini to tour the excavations. His report:

Sailing into Santorini's embrace, a traveler senses that the majestic scenery was created by incomprehensible forces. The most prominent feature of Santorini, also called Thera, is a lagoon some 37 miles in circumference. At the lagoon's center are two low, burn black mounds of smoking lava, one named Nea Kameni, the other Palia Kameni. To the east, the cliffs of the main crescent-shaped body of

ations of the ancient islanders were their frescoes.

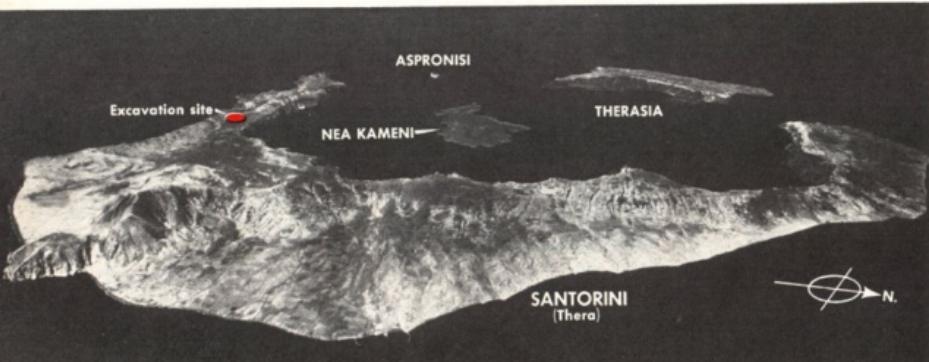
Some of the frescoes recently unearthed on Santorini and put on public display at the Archaeological Museum at Athens are shown on the following color pages. Beyond any doubt, they surpass all others found so far in the Mediterranean region. The frescoes of Knossos, for example, are less delicate and free, less motionful and rhythmical than these. As for the celebrated splendors of a later age found at Pompeii, they would seem dry and artificial if set side by side with the Santorini frescoes. These new discoveries show Bronze Age civiliza-

Indies in August of 1883. The shock wave cracked walls 100 miles away and traveled three times round the world. Debris suspended in the air turned day into night over a radius of 130 miles. Floating pumice up to 13 feet blanketed the sea.

Santorini's *caldera*, or crater, is five times the size of Krakatau's. Quarry operations have disclosed that the ash blanket at Santorini reached a depth of 160 feet as against a few inches at Krakatau. For these reasons and others, geologists assume that the Santorini explosion must have had three or four times the force of Krakatau's. Within a very brief span of time, apparently, Santorini released energy estimated to be equivalent to the blast from a 400-megaton nuclear bomb.

The molten hail produced by Santorini's deafening eruption must have rendered all lands within a 100-mile radius (including central Crete) uninhabitable. Then came the incursion of the sea into the immense lava boil that had been Santorini—probably causing water to recede temporarily from shores around the Mediterranean. As the immense volume of water that had converged on Santorini rushed outward again in a giant wave, it

SPYRIDON MARINATOS



land stand sheer out of the water to a height of almost a thousand feet. The bottom of the lagoon is a full thousand feet below. In fact the ship is sailing across the bowl of a still smoldering volcano.

Four thousand years ago, Santorini was a single mountainous mass, almost completely round. At that time, archaeology has shown, the island was inhabited by an exceedingly sophisticated race of men. To make their buildings somewhat elastic and therefore earthquake resistant, they set wooden pins in the corner joints of the stones. They cultivated the olive. They produced pottery similar to the products found in Knossos, the Minoan city on Crete 75 miles to the south. But by far the most amazing crea-

zation at its peak. The doomed people of Santorini were obviously capable of creating heavenly images upon the earth. They appear to have been as thoroughly attuned to art as Americans are to technology.

What doomed them was a catastrophe that rose from the bowels of the earth. Some time about the year 1500 B.C., Santorini exploded. The whole center of the island blew sky-high. Not long afterward the sea rushed in to fill the red-hot wound of the crater. These two events produced what may well have been the most vast and terrible natural disaster ever to take place in the time that human beings have existed on the earth.

By way of comparison, consider the explosion of Krakatau in the East

smashed harbors and flooded large districts around the Mediterranean basin. The great sea empire of Minoan Crete simply vanished in the wake of Santorini's destruction.

Such is the scenario proposed by Professor Marinatos, the autocratic old genius of Greek archaeology, who has spent the past four summers excavating the rich Minoan town that he discovered on Santorini. The site of his dig is shrouded in rosy dust, shaded by tin-roof sheds, and shielded by high fences. Situated on the southern horn of the main island in a spot sheltered

TWO PRINCES: Playful boys in a boxing pose were imaginatively reconstructed from hundreds of fragments.





BLUE MONKEY: Pieced together from myriad shards found buried under centuries-old layers of pumice, this leap-

ing monkey is part of a much larger and still-to-be assembled fresco that depicts a whole troupe of monkeys.



SPRING FRESCOES. One of three panels lining a Minoan room, this fresco was recovered intact after 3,500 years underground. In detail (above), swallows frolic in the balmy air.





THE AFRICAN: Thought to be part of a shrine for Artemis, this beautifully articulated fragment depicts a man probably in the act of worship near a cluster of palm trees.

SMITHSONIAN. © SMITHSONIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATES, 1971



TWO ANTELOPES: The species of antelope depicted in this mural, which was found next to the two princes, now exists in East Africa. This finding presents a zoological enigma. Did African antelope live on Aegean islands at the time the mural was painted? Or was the artist drawing on memories of his travels in Africa?

from the sometimes blistering north wind, the site straddles a deep, dry gully. Marinatos began his dig by tunneling through the pumice from the gully bed. "We hit the bull's-eye right away," he boasts. "We struck at the heart of the most aristocratic quarter." Buildings standing two and three stories high, with 50-ft. street fronts, "French doors" and traces of balconies, were found still upright, protected by the dry volcanic ash that enveloped them before the final massive explosion. Upward of 3,500 ceramic pots and vases have been found, but no human or animal remains and no valuables. Marinatos explains that the people of the town, warned of the impending disaster by earth tremors and ominous outpourings of ash and gases must have fled in time and taken their treasures with them. The greatest treasures of all, however, from the archaeological viewpoint—the frescoes—could not be taken away by the doomed race.

With his cloth cap jammed low on his white locks and his brown eyes squinting against the ever-present dust, Marinatos scrambles down the gully to show interested visitors an example. He lowers himself into a masonry-lined oblong that was once a temple room. Triumphant he points to the plaster of one wall. There is an image of a girl in a bell-shaped skirt, and she is dancing, dim in the sunlight. For 3,500 years, up until just a few weeks ago, that girl danced in the darkness of the earth.

Into Surgery. "We approach these wonderful things scientifically," says Marinatos. "If necessary, we can treat any new find like a casualty that is taken immediately to surgery." Where frescoes are found in a crumpled state, Marinatos has them picked up piece by piece and reassembled on the spot by gentle-fingered experts in a workshop. The few visitors admitted to "surgery" find tables strewn with seeming jigsaw puzzles of painted plaster bits. One represents a blue monkey springing up through space with fingertip lightness (see *second color page*). The perfection of his leap sets this image among the greatest paintings of animals ever created.

There can be no controversy about the beauty of such fabulous finds, but arguments do rage over the question of whether or not they point to Plato's legendary Atlantis. Some scholars still insist that Plato was "resting his mind" and writing a moral fable when he described Atlantis and its fate in his dialogues *Timaeus* and *Critias*. But Plato repeatedly stated that he was telling the truth, based on information handed down by Egyptian priests.

The philosopher may have been doing a bit of both. His story placed Atlantis out beyond the "pillars of Hercules" (the Strait of Gibraltar). The mighty island kingdom, he related, sank beneath the sea 9,000 years before



ARCHAEOLOGIST MARINATOS AT DIG
Hitting the bull's-eye.

his time. But the specific details and descriptions that Plato gives indicate events that modern science shows to have occurred in and around Santorini at the height of the Age of Bronze. They fit everything that is known concerning the final bloom and tragic end of what Archaeologist Sir Arthur Evans arbitrarily labeled "Minoan" civilization. "Minoan" and "Atlantean" may well have been the same thing.

Among the many points cited in support of that contention are ones that Plato cannot have known, but that present-day archaeology confirms. For example, Plato puts sacred bulls at the center of the Atlantean religion; the so-called bull dances of the Minoans are familiar enough to all prehistory buffs. The golden "bull cups" of Minoan provenance at the Athens museum show bas-reliefs of young men capturing bulls with the help of only staves and nooses; Plato describes just such a ritual hunt as taking place on Atlantis. Again, he says that the Atlantean metropolis was built of red, black and white native stone in pleasing combinations; Santorini's cliffs, intriguingly enough, are striped with just those three colors of rock.

What about Plato's insistence that ancient Atlantis sank from sight in a day and a night? Minoan Crete did nothing of the kind, of course, but Santorini did sink. Moreover, its sudden destruction brought down Crete, and with Crete went the whole Minoan civilization.

Plato capped his story of Atlantis with a stern moral. For generation after generation, he related, the people "easily bore the burden, as it were, of the vast volume of their gold and other goods; and thus their wealth did not make them drunk with pride

SCIENCE

so that they lost control of themselves." But in the end that was just what did happen. The Atlanteans "lost their comeliness, through being unable to bear the burden of their possessions, and became ugly to look upon, in the eyes of him [Zeus] who has the gift of sight . . . filled as they were with lawless ambition and power." Therefore Zeus destroyed them. As Professor Marinatos continues to unearth evidence from his dig on Santorini, Plato's story of Atlantis begins to read more and more like actual history.

Canceling the Tour

It was a mission that would have fired the public imagination and severely tested NASA's engineering ingenuity: an eleven-year flight to the very edge of the solar system. On one "Grand Tour," the spaceship would have swooped by Jupiter and with a whiplike assist from that planet's powerful gravitational field, flown past the ringed Saturn and finally Pluto, the outermost planet. In another version, the spacecraft would have used a similar "gravity assist" from Jupiter to swing by Uranus and Neptune instead of Pluto. Scheduled for the late 1970s, the Grand Tours would literally have been once-in-a-lifetime opportunities. The outer planets will not be in such a favorable position again for another 179 years.

Now plans for the far-ranging expeditions have been scrubbed, principally to allow the financially pressed space agency to concentrate on the Administration's multimillion-dollar space-shuttle program; one Tour mission, in contrast, would have cost about \$700 million. As an alternative, NASA is considering what it euphemistically calls a "mini-grand tour": a flyby of Jupiter and possibly Saturn using modifications of existing vehicles like Mariner 9, still in orbit around Mars. In fact, such a spacecraft is now being prepared for launch from Cape Kennedy for a two-year flight to Jupiter.

That kind of mission will be much less of a challenge than the Grand Tour. For one thing, it will not require development of the long-lived, self-repairing computer (TIME, Dec. 7, 1970) necessary for an eleven-year mission—a device that could also have had important earthly uses. Beyond that, as President Nixon himself has said, the Grand Tour would have "dramatically expanded" man's knowledge of nature and the universe. Perhaps the most eloquent argument against cancellation comes from one of the bitterly disappointed scientists at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which would have managed the project. "We had a chance to do something unique as a people," says Astronomer Bruce Murray. To him and many of his colleagues, the sudden cancellation of the U.S. venture shows "an incredible lack of vision."

A Touch of Nostalgia (and a surprise hidden inside!)

This lovingly wrought metal replica of "The General," brings back memories of the great days of railroading, 11" long, 4" high, weighing a full 3 lbs., with moving parts and exact in every detail. "The General" is a collector's item and a stunning decoration for office, living room or den. But that's not all: hidden within is a superb electric/butane cigarette lighter, actuated by touch of a button to produce adjustable flame through the chimney. A practical accessory, a touch of nostalgia and a handsome relic of America's colorful past.

Send me "The General." I enclose \$25.95 (\$24.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins.)
 Calif. res. add tax. One year written Guarantee for Parts and Workmanship.

Return in 2 weeks if not pleased. Name _____
 Address _____

Zip. _____

T10228



haverhill's

584 Washington, San Francisco, Calif. 94111



Earl Nightingale would like to talk to you about your career...

It's all on the record we'll send you FREE!

With it you'll get the full story of the business opportunity that's been building for more than a decade.

Earl Nightingale tell you how you can reach broader, more rewarding goals in a new high-income career.

Earl Nightingale tell you how you can bring to individuals and to industry the personal development

and management motivation programs already success-proved in more than 300 of Fortune's top 500 corporations and thousands of other large and small businesses.

Earl Nightingale tell you how the Nightingale Distributor Opportunity can take you to your goals with only a small inventory and training investment on your part and complete help in all directions on ours.

GET THE RECORDED MESSAGE
AND ALL THE DETAILS FREE.
Send this coupon today!

Nightingale-Conant Corporation Dept. 7832—
6677 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60645

Please send your FREE record and all the facts about the Nightingale Distributor Opportunity. I am under no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MILESTONES

Engaged. Prince Richard of Gloucester, 27, Queen Elizabeth's cousin and tenth in the line of succession to the British throne; and Birgite van Deurs, 25, Danish secretary who met the prince six years ago while both were students at Cambridge.

Divorced. Laurence Harvey, 43, Lithuanian-born star of films made on both sides of the Atlantic (*Room at the Top, Summer and Smoke, Of Human Bondage, Hurry Sundown*); by Joan Harvey, 50, widow of Columbia Pictures Head Harry Cohn; because of irreconcilable differences; after three years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. Rhonda Fleming, 48, erstwhile film sultress (*The Big Circus, The Crowded Sky, Gunfight at the OK Corral*); and Hall Bartlett, 50, Hollywood producer (*Crazylegs, Drango*); after six years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Edgar Snow, 66, preeminent American journalist specializing in Chinese affairs (see THE PRESS).

Died. Baron Sieff of Brimpton, 82, British retail magnate and international Zionist leader; in London. Marks & Spencer was scarcely more than a chain of penny bazaars in 1915 when Israel Moses Sieff joined Simon Marks, his brother-in-law and son of the company's founder, on the board of directors. Pioneering in the use of efficiency studies, market analysis and direct purchasing from manufacturers, the two built the firm into a retail empire of more than 240 stores that now accounts for a tenth of all clothing sales in Britain. Sieff was a founder of the World Jewish Congress in 1936 and an early Zionist fund raiser with Chaim Weizmann, who later became Israel's first president.

Died. Frank Porter Graham, 85, Southern educator and early defender of civil rights; in Chapel Hill, N.C. A historian, Graham became president of the newly consolidated University of North Carolina in 1930 and held the post for 19 controversial years. He defended the right of students to invite speakers of all ideologies and spoke up for trade unionists and the pioneer civil rights demonstrators. Though these positions made him an anathema to many Southern conservatives, Graham was appointed to fill a vacant Senate seat in 1949. The following year he lost the nomination for a full term after a campaign bitter with racial overtones. For the next 16 years Graham worked as a U.N. mediator in a determined but unsuccessful effort to resolve the India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir.



IN SWEDEN, VOLVOS AND PEOPLE LAST LONGER.

The life expectancy of a Swede is 77 years.

The longest on earth.

Swedes have a

passion for fitness.

Thinking, perhaps, the more they can endure, the longer they will last.

The Swedes are big on saunas. They'll work up a sweat in the sauna's 200° heat and run outside for an invigorating plunge into ice water.

The man in the picture has been doing it twice a week since he was six. He's now 75 years old.

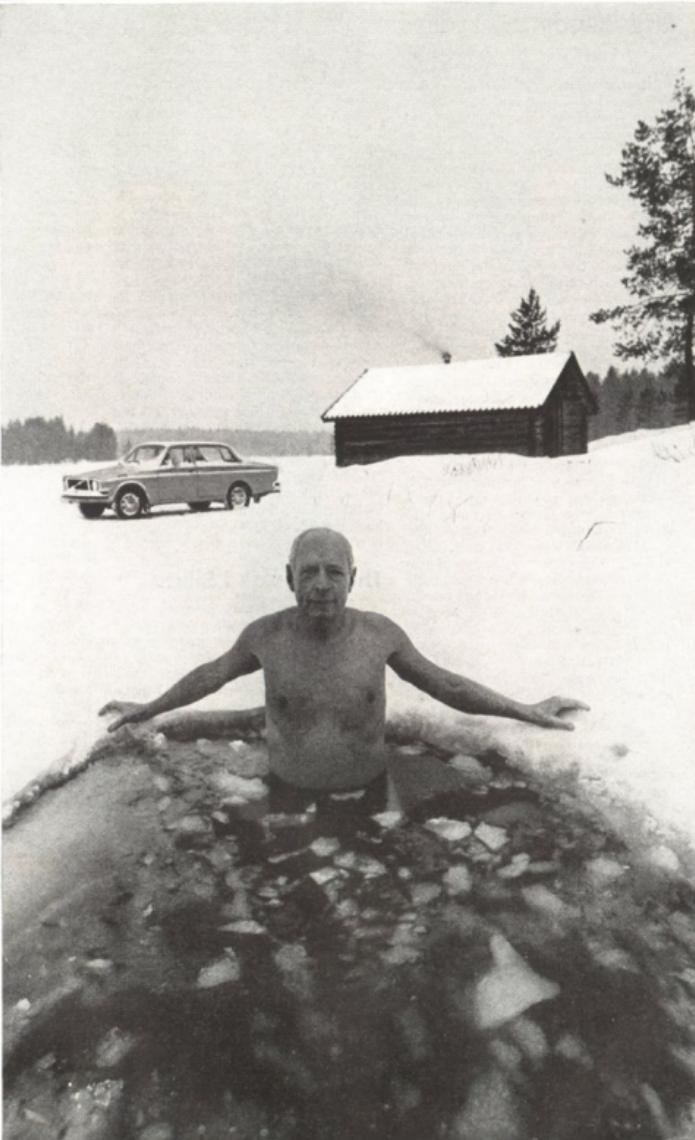
The greatest number of entrants for any competitive event in the world turn out each year in Sweden the day of the "Vasa Lopp." About 8000 people compete in this grueling 52-mile cross country ski race.

In a country where people demand so much of themselves, the car most in demand is a Volvo. It would be inconsistent for it to be anything else.

In Sweden Volvos have a life expectancy of 14 years—longer than any other make.

Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.



VOLVO

SEE THE DEALER NEAREST YOU AND TEST DRIVE A VOLVO WITH ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. © 1975 VOLVO INC.

MODERN LIVING

A Rare Hamburger Headquarters

It is probably the tallest office building in the world built on the profits from hamburgers. But that is not all. When the executives of McDonald's Corp. abandoned their Chicago Loop offices for a new eight-story building in suburban Oak Brook, they also left behind their traditional concepts of office layout. As a result, McDonald's Oak Brook headquarters, opened last March, has a minimum of interior doors and walls, no offices in the usual sense, and what may well be the only waterbed in the world of big business.

On each of the three top floors occupied by the company, there are large open spaces divided into "work stations" by tall green plants, file cabinets and movable pieces of mahogany furniture called TRMs (Task Response Modules). Each TRM contains a closet, a chest of drawers, a bookcase and a built-in desk. In the larger work areas allotted to executives there are such traditional extras as upholstered chairs and round or square oaken tables.

"At first it was horrible," admits Executive Vice President and Project Supervisor John Cooke. "We had people drifting in and out; while families of curious sightseers came to visit the building." There were also complaints about fellow workers who unknowingly trespassed on the work space of others.

But most of McDonald's headquarters employees, 400 in all, adjusted quickly to the wide-open spaces. Now, says Market Research Coordinator Judy Stezowski, "You always know what's going on. You hear everything." The turnover rate among secretaries and clerical help has dropped in some departments from 100% each year at

the old Loop offices to about 25% at the new Oak Brook base. Executives also feel that productivity is up.

By far the most distinctive feature of the building is the "think tank," a sealed-off area on the seventh floor that is available to any employee, male or female, who reserves tank time far enough in advance. President Fred Turner had the idea, after deciding that some employees might want a taste of privacy now and then. The tank has two sections: one a soundproofed workroom equipped with dimmable lights, a hassock, a beanbag chair, a desk that can be adjusted from sitting to standing height and walls, floor and ceiling covered in beige pseudo suede.

Rich Thoughts. A few steps away is the circular "meditation room," its walls covered with suedelike material and concealing loudspeakers hooked to record-playing equipment. The floor consists of a giant waterbed, 9 ft. in diameter, on which workers recline to think deep and presumably profit-making thoughts. So far, however, no big ideas have emerged, but several recliners have noted that lying on the bed is like lying on a giant hamburger.

That is as close to the real thing as McDonald's employees can get during working hours. Because of local zoning laws, the nearest McDonald's hamburger stand is more than a mile away.

The News on T Shirts

Americans usually keep up with current events by reading newspapers and magazines and watching television. Now they have their choice of still another news medium: the T shirt. Not long after a warrant was issued for the arrest of Angela Davis, for example, a

* Use of the tank by mixed couples is strongly discouraged.

RELAXED McDONALD'S EXECUTIVE TESTS WATERBED IN "THINK TANK"



MODEL IN HUGHES T SHIRT
Guilty of a typo?

T shirt appeared on store counters bearing her likeness. Shortly after Mystery Man "D.B. Cooper" parachuted from a skyjacked Northwest Airlines 727, a T shirt went on sale illustrated with a parachute-borne satchel, a vanishing jet and the question "D.B. Cooper, where are you?"

Now T-shirt journalism has established a new deadline record of sorts. Last week, even while the Howard Hughes manuscript case was still unfolding, a two-week-old company named Flame Enterprises began distributing two timely T shirts. One shows the great recluse, in scarf and goggles, at the controls of a plane called *Helga* (for Helga R. Hughes, the name used by Author Clifford Irving's wife in opening a Swiss bank account). The other is simply a portrait of the mustachioed billionaire signed "H.R. Hughes." Were the T-shirt journalists guilty of typo in the misspelling of Hughes' name? Purely intentional, said Manhattan Photographer Bill Stettner, who founded Flame Enterprises; the incorrect spelling was used to avoid any legal action by Hughes.

Despite the precaution, ever alert Hughes attorneys brought action in the New York courts last week to halt sale of the shirts. Like any good editor, however, Stettner was standing behind his T shirt. "We feel we're in the right," he explained. "Hughes is a public figure."

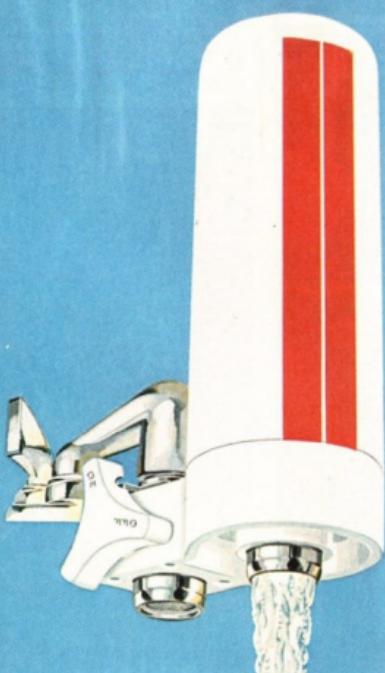
The Jog Strip

A freezing wind whistled through the wooded area near Zurich last week. Thick snow covered the ground. Despite the weather, a few dozen hardy Swiss persisted in their strange activity. While jogging one after another, they suddenly stopped, did a series of strenuous push-ups—or energetic deep knee bends or vigorous hops into the air—and then resumed jogging.

The joggers were participating in *Vita Parcours*, the newest Swiss exercise craze. Invented in 1968 by Architect Erwin Weckemann, it consists of a mile-long jogging circuit with 20 design-



This charcoal filter gives you better tasting water.



This charcoal filter gives you better tasting cigarettes.



Filter for better taste the Tareyton way with activated charcoal.

Enjoy better tasting tap water with an activated charcoal water filter. Get this \$12.99 value water filter for just \$5.00 and two Tareyton wrappers.

Send check or money order (no cash) to: Water Filter, Dept. 17, P.O. Box 4486, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1972.

Offer limited to residents of U.S.

Enjoy the mild taste of Tareyton with the Activated Charcoal Filter. **King Size or 100's.**

King Size and 100 mm. 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. '71



nated stops suitable for installation in any convenient patch of parkland. At each of the stopping places, spaced about 500 ft. apart, a plaque instructs participants to perform a specific exercise that is repeated from two to 15 times—the hardest near the beginning of the course and the less difficult, relaxing ones scheduled toward the end. At some of the stops appropriate equipment, like chin-up bars, has been installed. The methodical Swiss say that the participants' pulse rate should rise to about 160 beats per minute by the time they reach the finish.

Each course costs about \$700 to set up and is generally financed by the locality and Vita, a Swiss life insurance firm. Vita also contributes the exercise instruction plaques and "training cards" (for recording performance data



SWISS EXERCISING AT "VITA PARCOURS"
At the end, 160 beats per minute.

and weight after each session), presumably in the hope that more fit Swiss citizens will mean a decrease in insurance payoffs.

The first *Parcours* (French for course) track was opened in Zurich four years ago and the idea spread quickly. The craze has already oozed over the Swiss borders; in addition to the 180 courses in Switzerland, there are 200 in West Germany and 13 in Austria.

Many of the *Parcours* participants are middle-aged businessmen and housewives striving to lose weight and restore their muscle tone. But the pastime has considerable appeal for the young as well. "It's a much better way to observe a girl's physical qualities than in a smoky, dimly lit cafe," said a student at Zurich's Federal Technical University last week, as he gazed fondly at his companion. "I met Susy at a *Vita Parcours* three months ago, and now we keep fit together."

To a man they say Cutty Sark.

And when it comes to Scotch,
Cutty Sark says it all.

Cutty Sark Scots Whisky.
The only one of its kind.



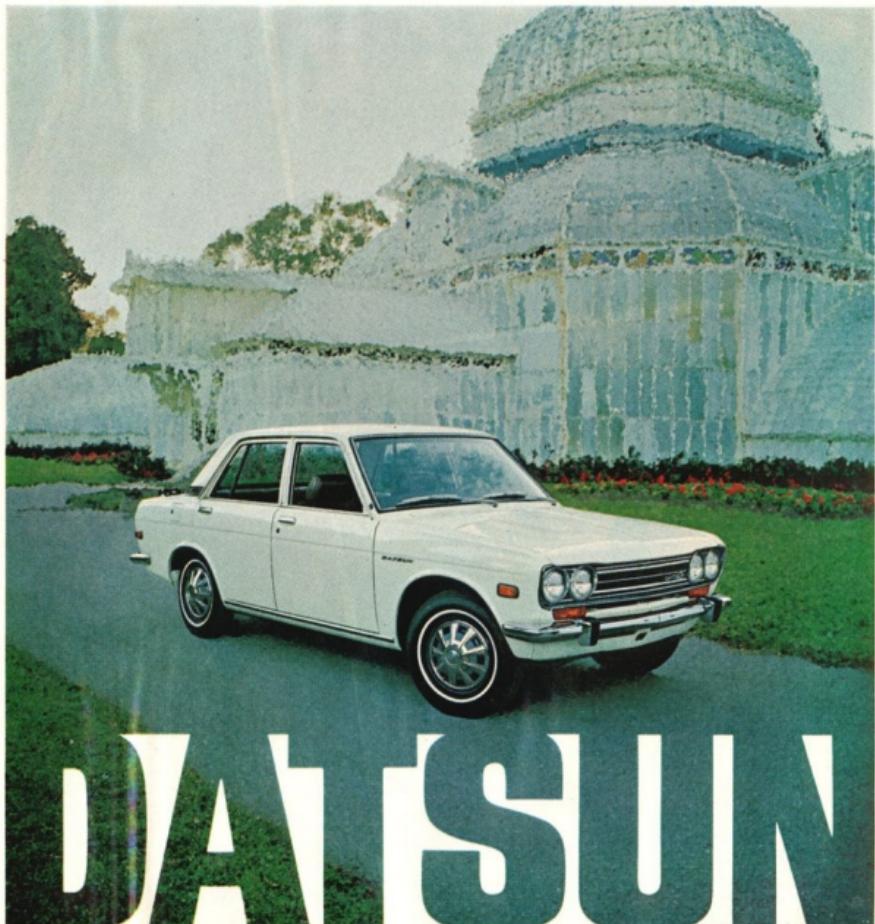
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION IMPORTERS - NEW YORK, N.Y. - DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND - BLENDED 40 PROOF

Almost everything you'd want to add is already on it.

We don't like plain vanilla cars any more than you do...even when they're economy cars. So our 510 4-Door Sedan comes with all the trimmings. Whitewall tires, tinted glass, fully reclining bucket seats, nylon carpeting and lots more are all

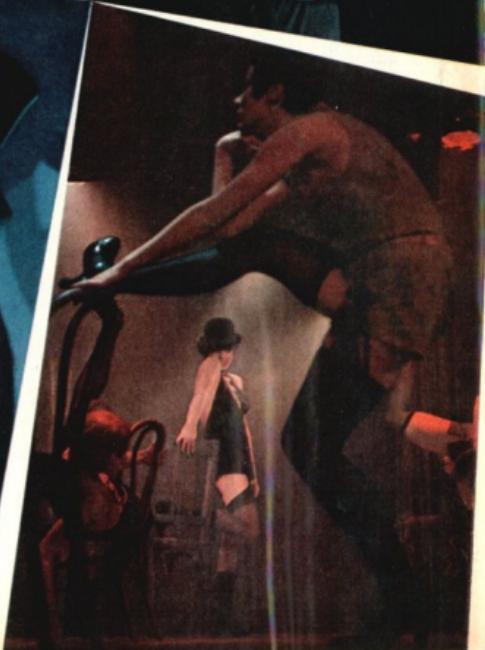
standard equipment. So is technical sophistication, like our safety front disc brakes, fully independent rear suspension and overhead cam engine. If plain vanilla isn't your favorite flavor, try something a little richer.

Drive a Datsun...then decide.



DATTSUN

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE



COVER STORY

Liza—Fire, Air and a Touch of Anguish

By the time I was eleven I was hiring the household staff. I'd tell them that the hours wouldn't be the same as in other households, but that they wouldn't be asked to do anything outrageous. I'd call the police to check the chauffeurs' references. I began answering Mama's fan mail when I was eleven too. She paid me \$3 a week until I complained that the work was too much for me; then I got \$5 a week. When I was 14, I drove my sister and brother to school and back because our chauffeur was drunk all the time and Mama liked him too much to fire him.

WHEN you are Judy Garland's daughter, you don't grow up as other children do. Liza Minnelli, the only child of Judy's marriage to Director Vincente Minnelli, was born into a bizarre fairy tale in which she was destined to be both the princess and the scullery maid. Her life had a careening plot line with glittering characters and fantastic reversals of fortune. At one moment she was a pampered Hollywood brat; at another she was holding together a dis-

integrating ménage, playing nurse to Judy and Judy's sliding career, hiring servants they could no longer afford.

When you are Judy's daughter, performing is almost the only mode of existence you know. From her earliest days, Liza took in her mother's performances and visited her father's sets. She was "on" all the time. Recalls Kay Thompson, Liza's godmother and the author of the *Eloise* books: "The language of the house was: 'What time is rehearsal? When is the next recording session? The script has to be ready by tomorrow.' And it was all mixed with a great rushing to get to the studio."

Then, too, when you are Judy's daughter you inevitably grow up in your mother's shadow. In her early professional appearances, Liza had to face audiences that came to see her largely because she was "Judy Garland's kid" and were frankly skeptical about whether she could measure up to the name. In time she did—and then some. She played in an off-Broadway musical, starred in one on Broadway, and won roles in three movies. She made records, appeared on TV and went out on the nightclub circuit. At

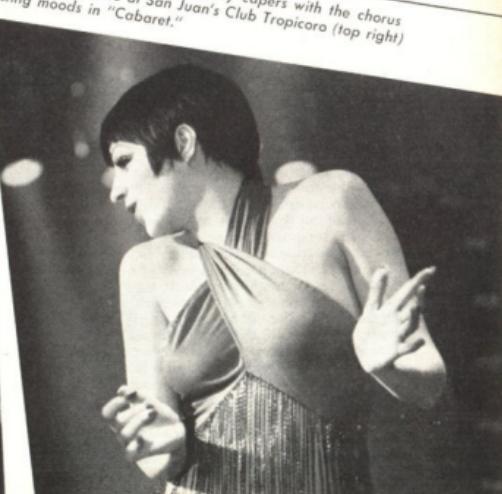
an age when many performers are still living in fifth-floor

walk-ups, Liza was earning close to a million dollars a year.

Today, a few weeks shy of 26, Liza has evolved in her own right into a new Miss Show Biz, a dazzlingly assured and completely rounded performer. The Justice Department should investigate her. She is a mini-conglomerate, an entertainment monopoly. In the new movie musical *Cabaret*, the full range of Liza's singing, dancing and acting talents dominates and steals a rambling and disorganized show (TIME, Feb. 21). As Sally Bowles, she is supposed to be a third-rate singer in a second-rate dive, belting out tunes to pay for schnapps and cigarettes. But as soon as she opens her mouth and begins strutting around the stage, the image—and some of the movie's credibility—goes happily haywire. Her liquid, throaty voice rises stylishly from a caress to pure, ringing brass. Her body—broad-shouldered 5 ft. 5 in. with long showgirl legs—weaves a rhythm of its own even when she is standing still.

Liza's dramatic incarnation of the antic, available Sally is a nice mixture of naturalness and calculation, too innocent to be immoral and too knowing to be truly amoral. But even with her fingernails lacquered green and her huge Bambi eyes circled with eyeshadow, she is too contemporary and American to be

Scenes from "Cabaret" and Liza Minnelli's nightclub act. Opposite: the movie's co-star Joel Grey capers with the chorus (top left) and mugs through a number with Liza (bottom left). Liza belts out a tune at San Juan's Club Tropicana (top right) and in the movie (bottom right). Below: she displays two contrasting moods in "Cabaret."





A scrapbook of Liza's life, showing her (from left) with her father, her mother, her estranged husband Peter Allen,

fully convincing as the "divinely decadent" Sally of 1930s Berlin.

The real glory of Liza's performance in *Cabaret* is that it allows her for the first time in movies to do what she does best: a cabaret act. She is one of the finest nightclub performers in the world. On the ever-shrinking circuit of high-class spots, she is one of the few headliners who can still pack a club. Las Vegas' Riviera pays her \$60,000 a week, which puts her near the ceiling. The French, those connoisseurs of cabaret, christened Liza *la petite Piaf américaine* after her triumphant stand last year at Paris' Olympia music hall. "She has that personal magnetism," says Joel Grey, her co-star in *Cabaret*. "She is capable of making you care about her, making you want to protect her—and then you realize that she's perfectly capable of protecting herself."

Slow Simmering. In the act that Liza has been doing for the past two years—most recently at Miami Beach's Eden Roc Hotel last month—she makes her first entrance dressed in a rust silk tube with a revealing slit from ankle to thigh. With not a word to introduce herself, she trills: "If you could read my mind, my love," and builds the song to a climax, afterward melting slowly into a simmering "la, la, la, la, la." Then, her whole body gyrating, she snatches the mike off the stand, crooks one leg, and throws back her head, as if the melody were surging up from her toes. The effect is at once sexy and dramatic. Anybody in the audience who had not previously dropped his fork—or his conversation—does so by the last "la, la, la."

To make the point that her name is *Ligh-za* with a *z* and not *Lee-sa* with an *s*, she goes into a specially writ-

ten, funny tongue twister that might stop even Danny Kaye. Next she dashes offstage, emerging a minute later in an Indian-maiden costume. Behind her on a rolling platform comes the American Sunshine, a rock foursome from Houston that accompanies her everywhere. Her vocal change from blues to rock is as smooth as her costume change, and the heavy beat seems to propel her around the stage, twisting and kicking. By the time she slithers across the piano, she is awash in perspiration, and her false eyelashes, which might double as Madame Butterly's fans, are falling off. "It's so hot up here," she says as she yanks the lashes off, "that I have hair in my eyeballs. It's one thing to be glamorous, but when you go blind . . ."

After another costume change, she reappears in a black velvet knicker suit with a black bowler, a costume strongly—and deliberately—reminiscent of her mother's black tights, black jacket and high hat. She swings into the old Jolson favorite, *My Mammy*—as close as a song can get to Judy's standard, *Swanee*. As Liza gathers momentum, she manages to ride to a soaking finale that is at the same time suffused with nostalgia.

No Carbon Copy. The almost eerie resemblance to her mother is more than superficial. Her notes sometimes wobble with Judy's vibrato, and she has the same warming urgency and involvement in her performance. Says Singer Gail Martin, Dean Martin's daughter and Liza's childhood friend: "Her mannerisms are like her mother's. The gestures, that whole nervous thing—not quite getting the words out, and the fingers all over the place."

Still, Liza is far from a carbon copy. "She has a style of her own and a better range in her voice than

Judy did," Martin observes. Adds Gene Kelly, who acted with Judy before Liza was born: "Every once in a while you see flashes of Judy that you can't escape, but she had more of Judy earlier in her career. Now she's more her own person. I think there are thousands of sons and daughters of great artists who couldn't even carry a tune. I don't think it harmed her having two talented parents, but I don't think you can say it gave her her talent."

Maybe not, but it certainly helped her to develop what she had. When Liza was born, Judy was still at the height of her career. It was 1946, and for postwar Americans she still evoked the simpler times when Andy Hardy was in love and the Land of Oz was rainbow hued. Meanwhile, Liza's father, a courtly, cultivated man whom she still idolizes, was busy creating such polished movie musicals as *Ziegfeld Follies* and *Meet Me in St. Louis*. Though sometimes frenetic, family life was full of laughter, flowers and music. It was also somewhat unreal.

Dressing Up. "Our environment was on the highest level of the absurd," recalls Candice Bergen, another childhood friend. "Our birthday parties, for example, were organized follies. There had to be trained-dog acts, magicians, cartoons, triple screenings of new movies—every imaginable extravagance. One of our friends even had an electric waterfall. It was all highly surrealistic, like living in a big playroom." Liza adds: "I remember a picture flashed through my mind, like a painting, at one of the parties. I had a feeling: 'This is not the average. This isn't the ordinary life.'"

That is the least that could be said. Liza's friends liked coming to her house because they could play dress-up better there than anyplace else in Hollywood—or the world. Their



her current boy friend Desi Arnaz Jr., her dog Ocho and posing in costume rather chic for a four-year-old.



dresses might be miniature versions of costumes from movies, for example a replica of a waltz gown worn by Deborah Kerr in *The King and I*.

After school Liza would run over to MGM to watch the shooting, the way any other kid might go to her father's office. "It seemed like a factory to me," she says. "I loved it. I got so that I knew every inch of it, all the short cuts to different stages and all the underground passages. And all the people there knew me." Minnelli let her ride the boom with him when he was lining up a shot, giving her a view of film making that very few actresses have had. "What really interested me, though, was watching people dance," she says. "I used to go over to Rehearsal Hall B or C and watch Cyd Charisse, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, and I'd learn all their numbers. Then I'd go home and practice for hours in front of the mirror."

Little Drama. Judy had been released from her MGM contract in 1950, after her increasingly erratic emotional behavior made her a truant from work on several pictures. A year later Judy and Minnelli were amicably divorced, and although Liza continued to see a great deal of her father, her young life was becoming complicated. Judy soon married her manager Sid Luft and embarked on a nomadic life. By the time Liza was 16, she had been to a score of schools, from Chadwick School in Palos Verdes, Calif., to suburban New York's Scarsdale High, to Whittingham in London.

Her mother either had a lot of money or none at all—usually none at all. At one point she was living in a little hotel in Santa Monica. When a newspaper or magazine would ask for an interview, she would borrow a friend's house, put her own pictures on the mantel and try to be there before the reporter showed up. When Judy was on tour, the whole brood,

which eventually included Liza's half-brother and half-sister Joey and Lorna Luft, had to learn to put on layers and layers of clothing and waddle out of a hotel, leaving behind their luggage and an unpaid bill. "Just remember, I'm Judy Garland," Mama would say, or, "Well, I need a new wardrobe anyway," and the episode would be laughed off. The way Liza tells it now, it was almost like a little drama Judy enacted for the amusement of her family.

Judy's emotional problems—her drinking bouts and her numerous attempts at suicide—were less easily laughed off. But again, at least according to Liza, they are worse in the telling than they were in fact. At home in Los Angeles, Judy would often take a few aspirins, lock the bedroom door and announce that she was committing suicide. On to the act after the third or fourth time, Liza would merely borrow the clippers from the gardener and snap a hole in the window screen so that she could climb in. Once inside, she would try to talk her mother out of her depression. Saving Judy became one of her chores, like washing the dishes or sweeping the kitchen floor. Once a week she and Lorna would sit down and empty out three-quarters of Judy's sleeping capsules and refill them with sugar. Later Liza did take the precaution of acquiring a stomach pump from a nearby hospital.

Reversed Roles. "I worried about Mama, but not in certain ways," she says. "I never saw her in a situation she couldn't handle, even if she was having a tantrum or hysterical crying. But when she'd get in a temper, it was frightening, because she'd yell a lot and I'd freeze. Lots of yelling. Now I avoid people who are screaming at all costs. My eyes glaze over when someone begins to yell, and my mind retreats back to someplace else so they can't get through to me."

Minnelli recalls that "Liza actually

was a very calming influence on her mother. Their roles were reversed; Judy had some very childlike traits, while Liza was grown-up." Adds Liza: "Mama and I talked a lot. She'd put too much trust in somebody, then they'd do something slight, and she'd take it as a slap in the face. The thing I tried to get through to her was that none of it really mattered. Of course people were going to let her down. They couldn't help it."

When Judy had money, she would entertain, and Liza stayed up and mingled with the guests. "Terrific people were there like Lauren Bacall, Bogart and Sinatra. And Mama always invited Marilyn Monroe, too, because Mama was very adamant about how rottenly people treated Marilyn. Marilyn talked to me a lot, and I remember knowing why: because no one else talked to her. We were really good friends when I was about ten. She used to tell me how lonely she was. I told her that she had to talk with people and let them know she didn't want anything from them."

Lots of Laughter. "Everyone used to tell me their problems; it was really funny. But I wasn't like a kid then. I don't really remember having any childhood. I always had responsibilities and never felt free until I was 20. Then I thought, 'This is ridiculous. I'm going to be a kid for a while.'"

The decisive spark to Liza's career was set off when she attended a string of Broadway shows with her mother. "It wasn't that tedious process I saw at Metro," she says. "I could see it happening before my eyes. The chorus of *Bye Bye Birdie* fascinated me. It had kids in it, and a camaraderie that I recognized. It seemed like an answer to the kind of loneliness I felt. Just friends kidding around, with lots of laughter." Two years later she quit school and began trying to join in the laughter. She was 16.

New York was almost as tough

SHOW BUSINESS

on Judy Garland's kid as on any other show-biz hopeful. While looking for work, Liza stayed with a friend of her mother's, then moved into a hotel for women, only to be thrown out and have her clothes confiscated when she could not pay the bill. Neither parent could be found for help, and she spent one night on the steps of the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel, another in Central Park. Luckily, she was cast in an off-Broadway revival of *Best Foot Forward*. The salary, \$34 a week, barely covered expenses.

In those days Liza was overweight, with long, stringy hair that looked "like a forest of evil," according to one friend. Liza became one of the theater gypsies, the singers and dancers who play in Broadway choruses and wait for the big break. Her morning would often start at night and her night in the morning, a reverse cycle that she still follows. For all her waif-like air, she drew on a vast reserve of energy, a fierce instinct to keep moving no matter what happened. "Liza's got a desperate thing," says Mia Farrow, another childhood friend. "She reaches just as far and as deep as she can. There's a lot of depth in her, and a lot of anguish."

Boos and Raves. A friend introduced her to Fred Ebb, the lyricist for an upcoming musical called *Flora, the Red Menace*. "I remember this shy, awkward girl coming into the room," says Ebb. "She looked awful, like Raggedy Ann. Everything was just a little torn and a little soiled. She just sat there and stared at me, and I stared back." Liza convinced Ebb that she was his Flora,

but she had a harder time with Director George Abbott, who gave her the part only because he could find no one else. Liza's revenge was that the critics booted the play and raved over her. She received the 1965 Tony Award as Best Actress in a Musical. At 19, she was the youngest actress-winner in the award's history.

When *Flora* closed, Ebb worked with her on a nightclub act. Not for the first time and not for the last, Liza realized how much her mother's aura hung over her. Ebb wrote a routine for her that opened with the songs Judy had taught her, then switched into a rock number—one of the songs she had taught Judy.

All in all, it was a graceful way of acknowledging her legacy from her mother without letting it overwhelm her. Making that acknowledgment has not always been so simple. Liza obviously adored Judy and talks about her frequently, but she is afraid of being swallowed by the legend. She consciously evokes Judy's ghost in her act but is resentful when middle-aged women with purple hair coo that she is Judy all over again. Judy seems to have had the same ambivalence. Though a doting mother, she was jealous when Liza sneaked off with some of her applause during their most notable joint appearance, at the London Palladium in 1964. "Judy was fighting for a love that she had had a long time," a friend says, reconstructing that memorable if unhappy event. "And here was a newcomer taking some of that love." At the end of the concert, Judy virtually shoved Liza off the stage.

Judy's death in 1969—the result,

according to the coroner, of an accidental overdose of sleeping pills—was both a tragedy and a liberation for Liza. "When she died, I almost knew why," Liza says. "She let her guard down. She didn't die from an overdose, I think she just got tired. She lived like a taut wire. I don't think she ever looked for real happiness, because she always thought happiness would mean the end." In the midst of making the funeral arrangements, Liza was the calm center in the vortex, as she always had been where her mother was concerned. "Elevator men were falling around me weeping," she recalls. "I was the only one standing up. I got so mad at everybody, I remember yelling at someone: 'You cried for her when she sang *Over the Rainbow* and *The Man That Got Away*. Now at last she's at peace. Smile, for God's sake!'"

Just Perfecto. Liza clearly has no intention of letting her own guard down. Work is the one constant in her life. She plans to go on the concert circuit and hopes to play *Zelda Fitzgerald* in a film under her father's direction. Having paid off many of her mother's debts, Liza is now determined to make herself very rich. According to Martin Bregman, her business manager for seven years, she is doing a shrewd job of it than many stars. Besides some holdings in blue chip stocks, she owns various pieces of real estate, including part of a shopping center in New York.

The closest thing she has had to a vacation in years was a fling in the international jet set a few months ago in Paris. After making *Cabaret* in Munich, she was taken in tow by Fashion Model Marisa Berenson, the granddaughter of the late Bernard Berenson,

FREDERIC BROWN, UPI; KEN REED—CORBIS

Liza performing (from left) in the Broadway show "Flora, the Red Menace," with her mother on TV, in her nightclub act.





"IT WAS A LOT OF CAR IN THE BEGINNING AND IT'S A LOT MORE CAR TODAY."

(MOTOR TREND)

That's a rave review from a tough critic: Motor Trend. So when their technical editor said our TR6 (below) is even more of a sportscar than the classic TR2 (above)—both winners in national and international competition—we wanted you to know about it.

But aside from talking about the TR6's heritage, they had a lot to say about the car itself. "There is a feeling of almost awesome solidity, as though

the basic car were carved out of a single block of steel." That solid feeling comes from the TR6's taut, low-built chassis with rugged 4-wheel independent suspension. It's a car for precise driving, crafted by engineers who really understand sportscars.

And the magazine's description of it having "long-legged go-forever performance" from its high torque 6-cylinder engine will be agreed by

TR6 drivers anywhere; or by people who have simply driven in one.

Even though we've been improving and evolving the TR series for two decades, it wouldn't be the great sportscar it is today, if it hadn't been great to begin with.

**THE CLASSICALLY BRITISH
TRIUMPH TR-6**



FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-631-1972. IN NEW JERSEY CALL 800-962-2803. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605



Effective January 10, 1972, you can pay for your trip on Amtrak trains with a credit card in 63 cities across the United States. With more to be added in the future.

This marks the first time that a unified credit card system applies to the nation's intercity rail passenger network.

Amtrak will accept American Express, Master Charge and the Rail Travel Card.

We're pleased that Amtrak can now offer you the two surest ingredients for a pleasant trip. Trains and credit.

We're making the trains worth traveling again.



YOU TAKE OUR TRAINS WE TAKE YOUR CREDIT CARDS



CREDIT CARDS CAN BE USED
AT MAJOR AMTRAK
TICKET LOCATIONS IN
THE FOLLOWING 63 CITIES:

Albany, N.Y.
Alexandria, Va.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Capital Beltway, Md.
Carbondale, Ill.
Charleston, W.Va.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Denver, Col.
Detroit, Mich.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Glenview, Ill.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Hollywood, Fla.
Homewood, Ill.
Houston, Texas
Huntington, W.Va.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Joliet, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Meriden, Conn.
Metropark, N.J.
Miami, Fla.
Miami Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wisc.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N.Y.
Newark, N.J.
Newport News, Va.
Oakland, Cal.
Ogden, Utah
Orlando, Fla.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R.I.
Richmond, Va.
Rye, N.Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
Santa Barbara, Cal.
Seattle, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Stamford, Conn.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Tampa, Fla.
Trenton, N.J.
Washington, D.C.
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Wilmington, Del.
Winter Park, Fla.

the ultimate aesthete. Marisa, who plays a rich Jewish girl in the picture, introduced her to the Rothschilds and their circle. "She was like Alice in Wonderland," says Fred Ebb. For the opening of Liza's show in Paris, Baron Alexis de Redé gave her a party at his home in the Hôtel Lambert. "I walked up the stairs," Liza says, "and they were decked with orchids and bathed in candlelight. When I walked into the room, ten violins started to play. Everybody in the world was there—Salvador Dali with his mustache twinkling, princes and clothes designers, St. Laurent, Richard and Liz. There was nobody who was halfway. Everyone was perfecto, just swell."

Men move in and out of her life, but except for Singer-Songwriter Peter Allen, the Australian-born husband from whom she is now separated after four years of marriage, none has stayed very long. "She tends to react from one situation into another," says Allen, who remains a friend and still has visiting rights to Ocho, the shaggy mutt Liza adopted in Puerto Rico a few years ago.

After splitting with Allen about a year ago, she took up with Rex Kramer, the guitarist in her accompanying band. "Rex was exactly opposite from me," says Allen. "He was a country boy who hated the city and loved girls. Liza enjoyed herself at first. She thought she was getting back to roots, and after that she began talking about spending the rest of her life on his family's farm in Arkansas and eating black-eyed peas and grits. I knew she hadn't really gone country when she also mentioned that Ocho still ate only steak and caviar."

Terrific Pace. Unlike most of her romances, the affair with Rex ended with some unpleasantness. Rex's ex-wife is suing Liza for \$500,000, charging alienation of affection. Rex, who now plays in joints in Houston, apparently saw a more unstable side of her nature than did most other people. "The pace she sets for herself is simply terrific," he says, "but she just can't slow down. She would worry about not sleeping and would start taking downers to help herself." He describes terrible tantrums, after which she would "literally rave, then collapse."

Liza angrily rebuts him point by point and now claims that she knew all along that Rex was using her. Finally, to get rid of him in Germany, where he was such a nuisance that he was barred from the set of *Cabaret*, she says that she and her secretary, Deanna Wenble, arranged an elaborate, melodramatic scheme to make him think she had fallen in love with a cameraman. "He said he'd leave me only if I fell in love with somebody else," she explains.

Her current romance is with Actor Desi Arnaz Jr., the son of Lucille Ball, a handsome, younger version of

his father. She professes not to be concerned about the fact that Desi, 19, is six years her junior. Desi is really much older than the calendar shows, she maintains. "Desi understands the need for calmness the way I do. He has a steadiness that's very important to me. I hate abrupt changes of emotion, and I can't live in that kind of atmosphere." There are no immediate plans for marriage, but both wear wedding bands to symbolize, in Liza's words, their "bond of union and understanding."

Selective Blotter. Each of the men to whom she has been attached has had some virtue that attracted her. like characters in a morality play. With Desi it is steadiness; with Allen it was *joie de vivre*; with Kramer it was a kind of simplicity. "She has the ability to totally believe in a situation at any given time, which is what Judy had too," says Allen. "She's incredibly smart and intuitive, but she never intellectualizes anything. She'll push down her natural intellect to work with her emotions every time."

Other children had something solid they could cling to, Liza had no permanent home and nothing she could hang on to. She depended on love—often nothing more complicated than the love an audience shows for a performer. Describing the early days of their marriage, Allen remembers that "she was always jumping on people's laps and throwing her arms around their necks. People wanted to take care of her, and they did." Adds a friend: "She's the kind of girl you either want to take in your arms or put in your pocket. She's a blotter, but a selective blotter. She has good taste and uses the right people." Like Ariel, Shakespeare's creature of the air, she takes any shape, puts on any mood. "I come," says Ariel—and might say Liza—"to answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curl'd clouds."

She is a mixture of calm and frenzy, toughness and vulnerability. At all costs she avoids scenes, anything that looks like aggravation, and she believes the same positive philosophy she preaches to everyone else. Her early life has not left her unscarred. She chain-smokes and bites her nails to the quick. She cannot—she will not—be alone. Much of her energy seems to come from nervous tension. "Liza's philosophy is to be a moving target," says Peter Allen. "But if you keep moving, things still continue to pile up. It's just more pleasant and so much easier to run."

Underneath everything, however, Liza is one of nature's survivors. When she feels that she may be losing control, she simply waits. Wafts? "That's when you pretend you're not really you," she says. "You're like a cork bobbing on the ocean. No matter how rough the water is, the cork stays afloat. Nothing can happen to it."

REAL ESTATE

New American Land Rush

AT the stroke of noon on April 22, 1889, some 50,000 settlers scrambled into the Oklahoma Territory in one of history's most famous land rushes. Today that phenomenon is being repeated. The object of the new American land rush is vacation and retirement property in nearly every part of the country. Developing planned recreational communities has become a billion-dollar business, and property that is often much less desirable than the Oklahoma Territory is being peddled as shamelessly as snake oil.

More and more companies are buying up giant tracts of wilderness or desert, subdividing them and launching hard-sell campaigns. The selling effort typically includes idyllic newspaper and magazine ads, mass telephoning, softening-up cocktail parties and din-

ners for prospective customers, paid transportation to the site, and even free green stamps just for showing up. Many developments are models of intelligent planning, from Titan Group's Yosemite Lakes Park in California to J.M. Huber Co.'s Beaver Cove on Maine's Moosehead Lake. But fraud and misrepresentation persist, and large swatches of unspoiled wilderness are being turned into tacky subdivisions.

The Losers. In New Mexico, about 100 companies control more than 1,000,000 acres, and have plotted enough lots to triple the state's population from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000. The Colorado State Land Board estimates that recreational developers control as much as 2,000,000 acres there. Land projects in California now

occupy an area larger than Rhode Island. A single firm, GAC Corp., is developing more than 300,000 acres in Florida. Recreational land development has grown so large in Maine that it is about to become a larger industry than commercial fishing.

State investigators are doing a land-office business. Florida's Land Sales Board received 498 complaints last year. New York's attorney general has 20 land development investigations under way. Maine's Office of Consumer Protection handles hundreds of consumer complaints a year with only one investigator, two attorneys and a secretary. In Massachusetts, whose residents invested \$100 million in out-of-state recreational housing last year, several hundred new property owners sought help from the attorney general's Consumer Protection Agency. "A lot of these people who buy go up for a look at their lot," says Chief Investigator Mike McGrath, "and the salesman tells them 'Your place will be on the 17th hole of the golf course.'

He's told 15 other people that the same day. Someone's going to lose." An aggrieved Bay Stater can complain to McGrath, who can investigate and, if necessary, take a company to court.

The large, publicly held developers are generally scrupulous about making truthful representations to prospective customers. AM-REP Corp., for example, offers a customer his money back any time within six months after a contract is signed, provided he has seen the land. GAC Corp. executives earlier this month even proposed federal reg-



DRAWING BY WARREN MILLER © 1983 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.

Property Dos and Don'ts

BUYING vacation or retirement property can be risky. To help prospective landowners avoid expensive mistakes, here is some advice:

DON'T buy any land without seeing it.

DON'T close any deals on your first visit to the development or while still basking in the rosy glow of a sales talk. Go home and think about it.

DON'T assume that land prices can only rise. Your prospective plot may be overvalued to begin with.

DON'T rely on anything a salesman tells you about planned tennis courts, golf courses, marinas, etc. Such features have a way of being delayed.

DO demand to see a copy of the property report or offering statement that many large developments are required to file with state and federal regulatory agencies, and study it carefully.

DO ascertain who is to pay for installing and maintaining roads and sewers, whether roads will be surfaced and where the water supply will come from.

DO find out what kind of buildings and construction methods are forbidden in the development, whether mobile homes are allowed, whether camping will be permitted and whether anyone has an easement across your land to reach a nearby road or pond.

DO know how far your lot will be from the nearest firehouse, police station, hospital, schools, shopping areas and public transportation.

DO talk to a few people who already own property in the development about the advantages and problems they find in living there.

DO, by all means, make contact with owners who are selling their lots privately. Make an effort to find out why they are selling and whether they will take a loss or make a profit.

DO determine what comparable plots of land are selling for outside the development. You might be able to pick up something much cheaper.

DO find out how populous your subdivision will be when it is fully developed. It may look pristine now, but a few hundred more neighbors could make it unbearably crowded.

istration of land salesmen, who would have to meet certain standards. But smaller companies are not always so quick to please. In one typical case, Ronald LaPorte of Plainville, Mass., has complained to the Maine Office of Consumer Protection about the developers of Belgrade Lakes Colony, Me., where he bought two lots in 1968. Since then he has been waiting for running water, tennis courts, swimming pools, beaches and marinas that he says he was promised. Instead, the developers have opened a campsite near by and allowed campers to swarm past LaPorte's house to reach the colony's lake. "I came here for privacy," he complains, "and now I've got campgrounds across the street."

Snake Acres. Many buyers render the standard 5% to 10% down payment for their lots through the mail without even seeing what they buy. Others overlook restrictive covenants, tax liens and hair-raising warnings in the property reports that large developers must file with the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Horizon Corp., the largest subdivider in New Mexico, is supplying future residents of its 150,000-acre Rio communities with neither water nor sewage systems. Southwest Land Corp. is developing Santa California City, N. Mex., without selling new owners the mineral rights to their land; other people, who bought the rights earlier, can dig up the yards at any time for silver, coal, or even gravel. Other items in the property report that Southwest filed with HUD: "There are no provisions for street maintenance after 1975 . . . Flash floods may destroy portions of the streets in certain units."

Why do people buy such property? Many have no intention of living there, but view the purchase as an investment. After years of selling, Great Western United's California City, Calif., has some 40,000 property owners but fewer than 600 houses. Selling out at a profit is often more difficult than the companies suggest. Los Angeles newspapers carry classified ads offering California City lots for sale by their owners at substantial discounts from the purchase price. Robert Rosen, a Rye, N.Y., orthopedic surgeon, has been trying to unload his 5.5 acres in Canaveral Groves, Fla., for two years. He bought the property in 1960 but visited it for the first time in 1970. Contrary to what he had envisioned, there were no passable roads leading to some of his property. When he tried to walk through the brush to see his land, a caretaker turned him back because the area was infested with poisonous snakes. Neither the developer nor local real estate brokers will buy back the land. Rosen continues to pay taxes of \$94.86 a year on his property while waiting for a better market. "Who knows?" he muses. "Maybe in 15 or 20 years . . ."

TRANSPORTATION

Everybody's Truckin'

You can get them in meadow green, wheatland yellow, marine blue, firebolt orange, spruce green, grapefruit yellow, classic bronze and crimson red. They have power-operated sun roofs, bucket seats, air conditioning. Some even have beds, refrigerator, toilet. These are the new amenities on the lowly old truck, which is propelling Detroit into a truck-making boom.

Truck sales so far this year are racing 40% ahead of 1971. In 1972, 2,200,000 trucks are scheduled to roll out of dealer showrooms, more than double the number sold a decade ago. Most important, as Martin Caserio, head of General Motors' GMC truck and coach division, says: "Trucks have a definite relationship to the overall state of the economy. Some experts believe that truck sales stimulate the economy, and others feel that they only reflect the health of the economy. Either way, the current bright prospects for trucks offer promise for the economy as a whole."

The largest and fastest growing segment of the business is the pickup truck, which retails for \$2,800 to \$4,300. Once bought mainly by farmers, it has benefited from America's growing lust for outdoor recreation. The open-bodied truck is now a recreational vehicle, often topped by a camper, that carries or tows snowmobiles, bikes, and dune buggies to the mountains, plains and deserts. A recent Ford survey shows that 57% of all light trucks are used partly for recreation. Indeed, Dodge is setting up a squad of traveling repair vans that will service disabled trucks that are isolated in the nation's parks and other recreational areas. The auto companies, sensing the recreational trend, made the pickup truck more acceptable to suburban families by styling it more like a car. In twelve major markets, Ford reports, 14% of suburban families own trucks.

Double Up. Ford and Chevrolet are the biggest sellers of pickup trucks. To attract young truck buyers, particularly West Coast surfers, Ford recently began importing a compact-style pickup from Japan; Chevy will soon do the same.

The heavy end of the truck market, composed mainly of the construction and trucking firms, is also growing. The big three au-

tomakers produced 60% of the heavy trucks sold last year; the rest were turned out by International Harvester, White Motor Corp., Mack Trucks, Diamond Reo and other companies. The 7% investment tax credit has helped spur demand. So has the decline of train service, and the fact that 25,000 communities in the U.S. have no means of delivery service other than trucks. Industry leaders expect total sales to increase 50% by 1980 to \$10 billion, a growth rate that not even the auto industry is expected to match.

CIGARETTES

Puffs on a Par

It has been more than a year since the suntanned Marlboro he-man, the Silva Thins cat, the perky Virginia Slims Ms., the romping Salem couple and all the rest of the cigarette-selling gang have appeared on U.S. television. Yet the hopes of health authorities that a tar-free screen might help cut down on cigarette consumption have gone up in, well, a puff of smoke. Per

DODGE CAMPER 900



CHEVROLET FLAME PICKUP



FORD COURIER PICKUP



BUSINESS

capita use of cigarettes in 1971, at 132.4 packs, stayed just about on a par with that of other recent years, and total cigarette sales increased by a solid 3.5%.

Most of the increase resulted from the return of Vietvets, many of whom acquired heavy habits in military cantines, where untaxed cigarettes sell for about 11¢ a pack. The disappearance of broadcast commercials seems to have had little effect one way or the other. A reason may be that during their final years of life, Madison Avenue's well-paid, glamorous advocates of cigarettes were answered by a host of public-service messages that cited the scaring findings of medical research into smoking. Most of these effective anti-tobacco ads disappeared from radio and TV after the ban on cigarette commercials.

Tobacco men are aglow with new optimism. Philip Morris, for example, increased U.S. cigarette sales last year by more than 11%, and is constructing an \$80 million factory in Richmond, which it claims will be the world's largest assembler of cigarettes. In addition, the industry has made a notable saving on its advertising budget. Even though cigarette makers increased their nonbroadcast advertising by some \$133 million in 1971, their total advertising expenditure declined by \$78 million.

EXECUTIVES

Ma's New Pa

When a shift is made in chief executives at American Telephone and Telegraph, company public relations men need do little more than change the names in official biographies. The last five of Ma Bell's chiefs came from relatively small towns, earned engineering degrees, worked for the company first as common laborers and spent decades climbing the executive rungs. Last week a 56-year-old V.M.I. engineering graduate from Greensboro, N.C., named John Dulany DeButts was appointed A.T. & T.'s new chairman. He replaces Haakon Ingolf Romnes, who reaches the mandatory retirement age of 65 in March.

DeButts inherits a corporation that is not quite as vibrant as it was five years ago when Romnes moved into the chief executive suite on Manhattan's Broadway. For the past two years, the company's per-share earnings have varied only 1¢ from the 1969 high of \$4 a share, though revenues have increased 18% to \$18.5 billion. DeButts, who addresses his secretary with a Southern "Ma'am," says that when he retires in 1980, he "would certainly like to have a better earnings record" to pass on to his successor.

As Romnes, who has been president as well as chairman, said recently, A.T. & T.'s \$54.5 billion in assets are too much for one man to

manage. The company's solution is to reorganize A.T. & T.'s headquarters organization into three groups, each headed by a senior executive. In effect, this means DeButts will have three top advisers.

Robert D. Lilley, 59, referred to inside the company as the "people" man, was named president, and he will head employee, regulatory and financial operations. William L. Lindholm, 57, who was named vice chairman, will coordinate A.T. & T.'s installation and construction activities, as well as oversee Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric, the company's supply arm. Cornelius W. Owens, 58, remains executive vice president; he will head a corporate planning office.*

Tougher Job. This year A.T. & T. will invest more than \$8 billion in expansion and modernization, a historic record for any U.S. firm. The spend-

MICHAEL ABRAMSON



A.T. & T.'S DeBUTTS IN HIS OFFICE
Facing strong competition.

ing is intended largely to improve service for A.T. & T.'s 101 million telephones. Service has become a problem in big cities like New York, Miami and Boston, where A.T. & T. has had to hire large numbers of new employees, many of them lacking adequate technical training and in some cases even high school diplomas.

A.T. & T. also faces strong competition for the first time. Small companies round the country have been permitted to sell telephones, a market once guaranteed to A.T. & T. by regulations of the states and the Federal Communications Commission. In supplying bulk-rate telephone service to corporations, one of A.T. & T.'s most lucrative businesses, the company now has competitors where it had none before. At least one company is already

* At A.T. & T.'s annual meeting in April, the company is scheduled to nominate the first woman to its 19-member board of directors: Catherine B. Cleary, 55, president of Milwaukee's First Wisconsin Trust Co.

underselling A.T. & T.'s WATS service (Wide Area Telephone Service), which allows a big user to make unlimited calls in a specific area for a flat fee. Many other firms have applied to the FCC for operating licenses. These competitors will make DeButts' job tougher. But if he succeeds in improving A.T. & T.'s profits, he will be worth the \$350,000 annual salary the company has been paying to its chairman.

AVIATION

A Wing and a Subsidy

With a population of 4,521, Payette, Idaho, is not exactly a throbbing metropolis. Yet that small agricultural center at the junction of the Payette and Snake rivers claims a badge of prosperity that is rare on the small-town scene: regularly scheduled air service. Airline service to small towns has never been particularly good and, because of rising costs, it is now going the way of the trolley car, the crack-barrel and the general store. During the past five years, 77 small communities have been lopped from airline route structures. Today fewer than 150 Payette-size towns have scheduled flights.

The Government has long been trying to reverse the trend. Subsidies to the nation's nine regional airlines* for retaining their 30 smallest outposts climbed from \$36 million in 1969 to \$59 million last year. In all, the subsidies average \$65 for each traveler flying out of the 30 towns. Under a complex formula, the Civil Aeronautics Board now pays Hughes Airwest \$466 for each of the few passengers that it carries out of Payette and nearby Ontario, Ore. The airline's highest regular fare is \$85 for a trip from Phoenix to Puerto Vallarta in Mexico. Airwest is owned by Howard Hughes, who hardly needs the subsidy money.

Stage Line. Now the CAB is trying a different approach to serve smaller communities: strengthening the nation's 3,200 "third-level" carriers—the air taxis and commuter lines that usually fly smaller planes—Cessnas, Pipers, Beechcraft and the like. The third-levels fall into two groups: the 105 lines that provide scheduled round-trip service at least five days a week out of particular communities, and the 3,100 or so that offer less frequent scheduled service or simply hire themselves out irregularly for a motley of chores. The 105 scheduled lines observe stricter federal performance and safety regulations and generally fly bigger planes than the non-skeds. They include such companies as Arizona's Sun Airlines, Florida's Shawnee Airlines, Pennsylvania's Ransome Airlines, Wisconsin's Midstate Air Commuter and

* Hughes Airwest, Allegheny, Frontier, Mohawk, North Central, Ozark, Piedmont, Southern and Texas International.

The Next Ten Years:

A decade of improving service to the public through increased competition

America's financial institutions are responsible for the savings and security of 150 million people. Today, more than a trillion dollars.

Salomon Brothers serves many of these people by providing liquidity to the institutions on which they rely. Banks, Insurance companies, Pension, Retirement, and Mutual funds.

In the next decade we shall endeavor to improve this service of liquidity. We plan to take even larger positions and make our quotes even more competitive.

Salomon Brothers also supports every effort to encourage more competitive markets. Negotiated rates on large transactions have already saved institutions many millions of commission dollars, and have therefore benefited the people the institutions serve.

We welcome the trend towards ever-increasing competition in equities, as we welcomed competitive bidding in utility financing, and competitive pricing in the bond market. In our opinion the public—and our industry—will reap the benefit.

Salomon Brothers

Market Makers and Investment Bankers



PLANELOAD OF PASSENGERS IN FLIGHT ON ALTAIR LINES
Hiring themselves out for a motley of chores.

Iowa-based Sedalia, Marshall, Booneville and Stage Line.

The CAB is encouraging the third-levels to take over some of the regional lines' more unprofitable routes and to extend scheduled service into virgin territory. As a small start, CAB Chairman Secor Browne plans to ask Congress next month to authorize a \$2,000,000-a-year experimental subsidy program for the scheduled third-levels. In return for subsidies, the lines would serve a number of "remote areas" to be designated by the CAB. If the program works, it will probably be expanded to other communities that lack air service.

One of the most encouraging features of the experiment is that it would impose higher performance standards on the third-levels that participate. As it is, the overall safety record among the air taxis and commuter lines inspires little confidence. Last year 106 people died in third-level crashes. The accident death rate for every 100,000 hours flown is 1.31 for the third-levels, as compared with .09 for the nation's eleven "first-level" trunk carriers and nine regionals. After a Chicago & Southern Airlines plane crashed last month at Peoria, Ill., killing 16, the Government's National Transportation Safety Board ordered an investigation of safety practices in the third-level industry.

Raising Pilots. One of NTSB's first recommendations may well be to raise minimum pilot qualifications. At present, air-taxi pilots can operate with only a commercial pilot's rating, which requires 200 hours of flying time. Pilots for the first-level trunk carriers need an air-transport rating, which requires a minimum of 1,200 hours. Some of the larger third-levels, like Philadelphia's eight-plane Altair, demand that their pilots have truck-style experience. But the smaller third-levels, many of them Mom-and-Pop outfits with one or two single-engine planes, generally do not.

The problem is money; it costs

more to hire experienced pilots than inexperienced ones, and more to upgrade pilot skills. With CAB help, it may be possible eventually for a tiny unscheduled third-level like Winkle's Flying Service of Siwash, N.D., to attain the prestige and performance of a scheduled third-level like Maine's mighty Aroostook Airways.

TAXES

Lower Capital Gains

At a time when most Americans are engaged in the annual exercise of procrastinating on filling out this year's income tax returns, some very high-earning people and their accountants are already taking prudent looks ahead to the returns due in 1973. Reason: after a series of changes over the past two years, their earnings on Jan. 1 became fully subject to important new anti-loophole laws. These were passed by Congress primarily to crack down on a few persons with incomes of more than \$200,000 who legally, through various gift and investment devices, get away with paying no income taxes. The new rules also close off some broad tax avenues long favored by entertainers, athletes, top executives and others in high brackets.

One major change involves the tax on capital gains—the profits on stocks, real estate or other investments that have been held for six months or more. Previously, as an incentive for private investors to expand the economy, the highest tax on such gains was 25%, a far smaller bite than that on regular income in the upper tax brackets. Under the new law, the tax on capital gains for many high-income people can be as much as 35%; under highly complex rules that add still other taxes, it can go up to 45.5%. At the same time Congress sliced the maximum personal tax on salaries and other "earned" income from 70% to 50%, largely because almost no one

who earned in the top bracket (\$200,000 or more) actually paid the straight tax.⁶

The new law will drastically reduce the tax gap between regular income and investment gains. Thus ultrahigh-salaried taxpayers like corporation chairmen and pro football stars have much less reason than before to dodge taxes by converting, often through gimmicks like buying non-productive farms, part of their earnings to "capital gains." The law also chips away at incentives to make more conventional investments. Says George A. Kuhnreich, vice president of Ungerleider, Haidas & Co., a brokerage firm that services many wealthy investors: "It eliminates a good part of the rewards that used to be given to the long-term investor. It will mean greater liquidity—take the money and run."

Farewell Angel. For one thing, says Bernard Greisman, a Manhattan tax lawyer who edits the annual J.K. Lasser guide, *Your Income Tax*, "the play has been taken out of holding on to a hot stock." Under the old rules, the tax differential between long- and short-term gains encouraged investors to keep their stocks for at least six months. Greisman believes that the new rules may result in a more volatile stock market, with many more "in and out" deals.

The new law will also discourage such extremely risky ventures as investing in wildcat oil drilling and backing Broadway plays. The reason is that in the past, high-bracket investors could write off expenses on such projects from their regular income, yet declare any profits from the sale of the investment at the preferential capital-gains rate of 25%. The narrowing of the difference between those two rates in some cases hardly makes the great risks of failure worthwhile.

Indeed, the new 50% "max-tax" on earned income has thrown a whole cashbag full of deferred-income schemes into question. Martin Bregman, a Manhattan-based financial adviser to many entertainers, says that now "it's hard to get a major star to go for" a low-salary deal that includes stock in the enterprise producing a film. Previously, some of the same stars were willing to hope for an increase in the value of such stock, which could be disposed of in a capital-gains arrangement. Business executives may well question the value of stock options, which carry the risk of losing in value, as a substitute for hefty salaries. In some cases, it will hardly make sense to bet that such stock will eventually show a great appreciation, which is taxed as a capital gain. Many executives may want to try to negotiate raises rather than put their trust in options.

⁶ However, this rule does not benefit the nonworking rich, who must continue to pay taxes at the old rates on interest payments, dividends and other "unearned" income.

Diversionary Tactic

THE VISITORS

Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Screenplay by CHRIS KAZAN

These have not been good times for Elia Kazan. He has not had a critical or popular success in films or the theater for years. His second novel, *The Arrangement*, was a huge bestseller, but the movie he made of it was a costly debacle. More recently, books about the blacklist, like Eric Bentley's *Thirty Years of Treason*, have revived the memory of Kazan's cooperation with congressional Communists-hunters in the early '50s. One looks to his work for reflections of these crises but finds only camouflage and confusion. *The Arrangement*, apparently intended as a kind of confessional, became instead a convoluted piece of self-justification.

The Visitors is an attempt at a new beginning. It is based on a script by Kazan's 33-year-old son Chris. Kazan shot it without the usual elaborate trappings of professional film making. His locations were in and around his own home in Connecticut. His crew consisted of five men. The actors he used were unknowns. The total cost of the film was \$170,000. Kazan, in other words, made all the right moves, but *The Visitors* still isn't the right movie.

The screenplay concerns a Viet Nam veteran named Bill Schmidt (James Woods) who is living a quiet rural life with his girl friend (Patricia Joyce) and their newborn baby. Unexpectedly he is visited by two Army buddies. This is no sentimental reunion, but a tense, eventually violent rite of retribution. The friends have only re-



THE KAZANS, FATHER & SON
Agreement on a war.

cently been released from prison terms stemming from their participation in a wartime atrocity. Bill was a key witness against them at their court-martial.

It seems for a time that *The Visitors*, like *The Waterfront*, will be a defense of the morality of informing. But then the Kazans veer off into other themes—national guilt, war crimes, the human potential for violence—whose weight cannot be supported by the glib script.

Kazan is generally known as a "realistic" director, but *The Visitors* is a reminder that his style is really much closer to a kind of operatic melodrama reminiscent of Luchino Visconti. Sometimes this works well for him. His first shot of one of the Army buddies is from close behind, as the man stares at some distant hills; the image conveys an intangible sense of menace. More often, though, the style amounts only to mannerism. Even the performances—guiding actors has always been Kazan's greatest strength—are surprisingly disappointing. Only Steve Railsback and Chico Martinez, as the visitors, bring to the film any substantial credibility.

What Kazan's previous work lacked in depth, it made up—at its best—in brute energy. In *Waterfront*, say, or *A Face in the Crowd*, he keyed the action at such a pitch of intensity that the films seemed to gain substance from sheer force. This technique, which amounts to a diversionary tactic, becomes transparent in *The Visitors*. Kazan raises a lot of significant issues, then exploits them without truly engaging them. *The Visitors* makes one wonder, in fact, if he ever really has engaged them. □ □ □

• Jay Cocks

It is no surprise to find another Kazan in show business. The only surprise about Chris Kazan is that he came to it so late. After all, his father is a famous director and his mother Molly, who died in 1963, was a playwright with at least one Broadway show (*The Egghead*) to her credit.

But after graduating from Harvard



MARTINEZ & JOYCE IN "VISITORS"
Retribution for a buddy.

**Lemon peel
dipped in vermouth.
This week's
perfect martini secret.**

Just moisten a lemon peel with vermouth. And use the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.

**Seagram's.
The perfect martini gin.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Budget brings back \$5 the Car.

Rent a Chevy Vega, Buick Opel or similar economy car. Pay only \$5 a day, 10¢ a mile, plus gas! Save up to 30% on full-size Chevy Impalas and other fine cars, too. Budget \$5 cars are available in most, but not all, locations. Reservations are accepted on minis, but not guaranteed. Prices may vary and are subject to change without notice.



Chevy Vega



For out-of-town reservations and rates, almost anywhere in the U.S., Canada, British Isles, Europe, Mexico, the Caribbean and South Africa, call our toll-free reservation number:

800-228-9650

Some areas require dialing 1-800-228-9650; in Nebraska, call 1-800-642-9910. © Budget Rent a Car Corp. of America 1971

When renting locally, see the Yellow Pages.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: EARN MONEY

Sell TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on campus. Liberal commissions. Send letter stating your qualifications to: TIME Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, N.Y., N.Y. 10020



Lindal Cedar Homes. They complement nature!

They look as though nature planned them herself. With Lindal's more than 70 designs, you can select a home to blend with the scenery anywhere.

Lindal uses only the finest kiln dried Canadian cedar, pre-cut and numbered at the factory for easy assembly at your site. And shipping costs are tailored to your construction anywhere.

Call or write your local Lindal dealer. Order your 32-page colorful Plan Book containing exterior and interior pictures as well as floor plans. Only \$1.

LINDAL CEDAR HOMES, Dept. TI22
1010 1st Street, Suite 200
Seattle, Wa 98178 (206) PA 5-0900
Enclosed is \$1 for my Lindal Cedar Homes
Plan Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Area Code _____ Phone _____

Lindal is represented throughout the world!



Drainage trouble in your home? Call your local Roto-Rooter Company for prompt, efficient, economical service. They are specialists in cleaning clogged sewers or stopped-up drains in the bathroom, kitchen, basement or laundry.

ROTO-ROOTER CORPORATION
West Des Moines, Iowa
* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



CINEMA

in 1960, Chris took a job on the *Arkansas Gazette*, where he stayed as a reporter and editor for most of the '60s. While still on the newspaper, he finished pre-med requirements and began medical school at the University of Arkansas. Mononucleosis forced him to drop out, however, and while he was recuperating, he finished his first novel, *Mouth Full of Sugar*.

His health regained, he packed up his wife and small son and moved to one of the two houses on his father's 170-acre farm in Newtown, Conn. Shortly after he settled down, he began a second novel, which was published in December as *The Love Freak*; Elia approached him with the idea for *The Visitors*, asking him to turn it into a screenplay—something Chris had never written before.

Though father and son argued about the war in the mid-'60s, like many other fathers and sons, Elia gradually came to accept and even share Chris' passionate opposition. Indeed, Chris sees a piece of himself in the character of Michael, the angry pacifist in Elia's new novel, *The Assassins* (TIME, Feb. 14). "I think this war is a disease and a sickness," Chris says, "and people will look back on this movie and say, 'That's the way it was.'"

Short Change

POCKET MONEY

Directed by STUART ROSENBERG
Screenplay by TERRY MALICK

The casual viewer will be able to deduce that this film is a comedy only by sitting through the long pauses between lines, watching the actors play funny-face. *Pocket Money* is full of an infuriatingly smug cuteness that adds up to a drastically short change for the price of a ticket.

Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are rounders scuffling through Mexico, trying to get together a herd of cattle for a rodeo back in the States. While driving down a street in Nogales, they spot a Mexican who has been giving them a good deal of trouble. Newman jumps out of the car, grabs a rock and tosses it far wide of the puzzled Mexican. "Now the thing is," chortles Marvin as they drive off again, "every time he sees a rock lying in the street he's going to think of you." This is one of the better scenes.

Marvin does manage to carry off a few funny bits, whenever the Mexican heat and the dialogue don't succeed in getting him down. Newman's performance is his worst since *The Silver Chalice*. A director who was really in control of a picture would never even hire somebody who pulled the kind of stunts Newman gets away with here: mugging, overplaying, looking endlessly over his shoulder in mock bewilderment. Such things are to be expected from a movie star. But Newman can also be an actor. ■ J.C.

THE CASE OF THE SINGING CIGARETTE!

THIS IS IT, WATSON! THE VERY PLACE
THAT LADY MONTMARSH HEARD
THE STRANGE SINGING!



♪ TASTE ME! TASTE ME! ♪

CAN'T FATHOM IT!
WHAT COULD IT
BE, HOLMES?

FROM THE CLUES,
I DEDUCE IT IS
A CIGARETTE...
NAMED DORAL...
LOW IN "TAR" AND
NICOTINE CONTENT...
WITH A UNIQUE
FILTER SYSTEM
AND
REMARKABLY
GOOD TASTE!

COME OFF IT, HOLMES!
TASTE IN A LOW "TAR"
AND NICOTINE
CIGARETTE?
ABURD! ABSURD!

EXAMINE
THE
EVIDENCE,
WATSON.
TRY ONE!



ASTOUNDING,
HOLMES!
BUT HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?
WITH
DORAL, GOOD
TASTE IS
ELEMENTARY,
MY DEAR
WATSON!

❖ TASTE
✓ ME ❖



The filter system you'd
need a scientist to explain
... but Doral says it in
two words, "Taste me"



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health



FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '71.



Ruby and Cal Cooper's "Got-our-claim-paid-in- 72-hours" smiles.

At Safeco, we have a standing goal to make payment in full within five working days from the time our adjuster gets your claim.

We usually succeed.

And often we do even better—as we did in this case with the Coopers who hold policy #OS 07005.

So you can see why 95.6% of the people who have made claims with us are happy with the settlement. And that's a fact.

Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, health, boat, business, life and everything else you value. Your Safeco agent is ready to help. He's in the Yellow Pages. Why not phone him today?



**Smile,
you're with
Safeco**

BOOKS

The Difference

HOMOSEXUAL: OPPRESSION AND LIBERATION

by DENNIS ALTMAN

242 pages. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey. \$6.95.

ON BEING DIFFERENT

by MERLE MILLER

65 pages. Random House. \$4.50.

In a now celebrated essay in the *New York Times* Magazine, printed in January 1971, Novelist Merle Miller gravely and eloquently admitted he was a homosexual. It was an act of courage and some grace, made at a time when most avowedly homosexual voices were those of shrill types with long hair and little reputation to lose. In the months since, a whole tumble of homosexuals have "come out of the closet" and rushed into print. Perhaps best among these accounts is a book by Australian Dennis Altman. Between them Miller and Altman measure just how far the "gay" liberation has come. Miller's book is a confession and a plea for understanding. Altman's book is a boast and a demand for social revolution.

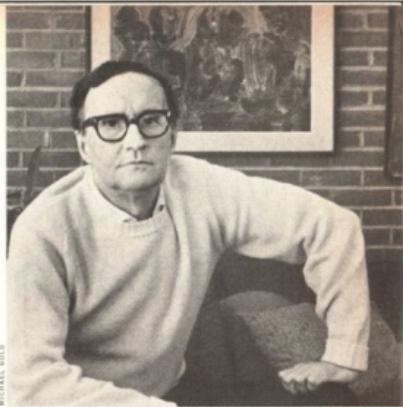
In his brief volume—which also includes the original article—Miller explains how he came to write it. At 51, he was an established author, and had even been (briefly) a married man. He was lunching with two friends from the *New York Times*, and in passing, one of them praised a recent magazine piece by a man who wished "homosexuality off the face of the earth." Miller was seized by a sudden burst of exasperation: "And then for the first time, in broad daylight, in a French restaurant on West 46th Street, I found my-

self saying: 'Look, goddam it, I'm homosexual, and most of my best friends are Jewish homosexuals, and some of my best friends are black homosexuals, and I am sick and tired of reading and hearing such goddam demeaning, degrading bullshit about me and my friends.' There it was, out at last, and if it seems like nothing very much, I can only say that it took a long time to say it, to be able to say it, and none of the journey was easy." A week later after what is described as one of the longest editorial sessions of the *New York Times* Magazine, an editor called Miller and asked if he would write the piece.

In his essay, Miller was disarmingly explicit about the petty social humiliations and painful hypocrisies of the closeted homosexual, starting from his childhood in Marshalltown, Iowa, where his mother, who wanted a girl, kept him in pink as a baby, sent him to school in his steel-rimmed glasses carrying a music roll, thus exposing him to kids who took one look and called him "sissy." His first sexual encounter (at the age of twelve) was with a boy who dropped off a freight train one night. Miller recalled how in later life his best friend telephoned to say that his eldest son was coming to visit, and added (jokingly?), "Now, please try not to make a pass at him."

After Miller's article appeared, several of his friends said they could no longer see him. But thousands of people wrote in approvingly. Surgeons, lawyers and therapists confirmed, sadly, that if they were open about their homosexuality they would lose their clients. A homosexual in Germany wrote: "Just seeing something like that in print has meant more to me than you can rightly imagine." Said another: "Nothing I have ever read has helped as much to restore my own self-respect."

Altman, by contrast, feels free to polemicize in the more receptive atmosphere that Miller helped create. He is only 27, but his academic credentials are sound—a former Fullbright scholar from the University of Tasmania with a Cornell M.A. and lecturing experience at N.Y.U., he holds a lectureship at the University of Sydney. Altman's argument is that homosexuality is natural and good. It is society that is all wrong, by forcing the homosexual into the role of an oppressed minority. This makes the homosexual a revolutionary, along with oppressed and militant groups like blacks and women. Altman expounds the validity of homosexual sex with references both historical and philosophical. Says he: "Anthropological evidence suggests that homosexuality is neither alien nor perverse." He quotes Professor G. Ratsey Taylor as stating that the Greeks



NOVELIST MERLE MILLER

Understanding.

"distributed their sexuality and were as interested in bosom and buttocks as in genitals." He resorts to Freud: "Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation; it cannot be classified as an illness; we consider it to be a variation of sexual functions produced by a certain arrest of sexual development." All this, so the argument goes, proves that mankind is "inherently bisexual."

Altman tours the present gay world with the knowledgeability of a participant. He has, it seems, been into every gay bar, along every gay beach, tried every gay bathhouse—and reports on them. In fact, he defends them as the only show in town for the practicing homosexual. He has even been into "leather," gives an understanding report of the motives (and sufferings) of drag queens, transvestites and transsexuals. He records that his own first homosexual encounter was in a bathhouse where, "clad only in white towels, men prowl the hallways, groping each other in frantic search for instant sex . . . Disgusting? Yes, perhaps. Yet lasting friendships are quite commonly begun in bathhouses."

Three Complaints. Altman charges that homosexuals suffer from three things: persecution, discrimination and, paradoxically, tolerance. By persecution, he means police harassment in homosexual bars and meeting places. He points out that in 1970 Connecticut's Commissioner of Motor Vehicles denied a license to a man because "his homosexuality makes him an improper person to hold an operator's license." As another example of discrimination, he cites the prejudice against hiring homosexuals. "Try telling your boss you cannot move to a new job because of your lover"—the only term homosexuals have for the heterosexual equivalent of wife. By tolerance, Altman means the behavior of people who defend his civil rights—and might ask him to dinner—but wouldn't ask his



SCHOLAR DENNIS ALTMAN
Social revolution.

She cleans her face every night and washes her blood three times a week.

In most respects, this young woman is like us all. Except that she lost her kidneys.

And if we never think twice about purifying our blood, she thinks about nothing else. Because while we rely on our bodies, she has to rely on a machine.

Today, kidney disease ranks fourth — after heart disease, cancer and pneumonia — and claims the lives of close to 55,000 people a year.

Now, however, there's good news for anyone whose blood must be mechanically cleaned and restored.

It's a new blood purifying unit developed by Dow, using a technique first created for desalting water. Slightly bigger than a flashlight, it's filled with about 11,000 hollow fibers that look like tiny soda straws. Smaller and simpler than previous devices, it can shorten the time that patients must remain immobile.

Even though artificial, it filters much the same as a human kidney. And to anyone who needs his blood washed, that's what counts.

At Dow, we're concerned with more than chemistry. We're concerned with life. And despite our imperfections, we're determined to share its promise. Wisely.

The Dow Chemical Company,
Midland, Michigan 48640.





At this rate, you'll be here all weekend.

And be having the time of your life.

Enjoying our superb cuisine. And dinner, dancing.

Relaxing in our saunas. Swimming. Playing pool and ping-pong.

Watching color television.

Even taking advantage of 24-hour room service in our stylishly comfortable rooms.

You'll get all this on our 3-day, 2-night Getaway Weekend for two. For as little as \$54.50.

At that rate, you'll be here all weekend. And maybe even coming back for more.

hospitality motor inns



For instant reservations call 1800 228-9290, toll-free.
Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Lexington, Lansing, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Ft. Wayne and Grand Rapids.

For more information, without obligation, just write Getaway Weekends, Hospitality Motor Inns, Inc. Dept. T-2 Midland Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44115			
Name _____			
Address _____			
City _____	State _____	Zip _____	



You are an important and very sensitive person and your face is no baloney!

This being so, are you doing yourself justice by shaving with an ordinary safety razor—an instrument not fundamentally improved since its invention 76 years ago, and based on about the same principle as used for cutting sausages? Why should you have to go on-day after day—chopping, scratching, scraping, and bleeding, and not even getting a decent shave for all your trouble? Change all that! Treat yourself to the **Stahly Live Blade Shaver**.

Wind the handle of this beautiful chrome shaver, and its tiny watchwork motor will hummily impale 6000 minuscule vibrations per minute to the blade.

Lather your face as usual and simply guide the Stahly through the toughest beard, for the fastest, smoothest shave ever. Nothing in your previous shaving career will have prepared you for this startling difference. Isn't it worth a few dollars to bring happiness to a drab daily routine?

Please send me the **Stahly Shaver**, I understand that it uses standard blades and comes in a lined snap case with my initials. Return in two weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee for parts and workmanship. My check for \$30.95 (\$29.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. res. add. tax.)

Name _____ (Initials) _____

Address _____

Zip _____

584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's

T10228

lover, or invite him to "bring a friend," as they do with a heterosexual.

What Altman demands is nothing less than full agreement that homosexual love is "just as valid" as heterosexual. Altman has a rosy view of what the world will be like if and when this view becomes generally accepted. He sees a society in which men are allowed to love men without embarrassment, and families no longer demand that little boys should be aggressive and dominant, or that little girls be submissive and secondary. Then, he thinks, everybody can love one another in a general wash of good will and sexuality. This, he suggests, could lead to a softening of the profit motive and encourage the end of aggressive wars. "Ultimately," he quotes Herbert Marcuse, "liberation implies a new biological person, one no longer capable of tolerating the aggressiveness, brutality and ugliness of the established way of life."

However radiant such a goal may sound, the means suggested seem utter nonsense. Altman does a great disservice to the basic cause of improving the homosexual's condition by overstating the link between acceptance of homosexual behavior and a vastly improved society. To read him is to be reminded of Russell Baker's remark that "Misery no longer loves company. Nowadays it insists upon it."

The treatment of homosexuals as cripples and monsters is unjust. Any sensible steps that can be taken to protect them, legally and socially, are desirable. But the chest-thumping insistence that homosexual love is just like (and exactly as desirable as) heterosexual love is self-defeating. It is also biologically inaccurate and socially unsound.

Man is the prisoner of his biology. Human young take from 15 to 20 years to mature, and the sexual urge of the parents, not just in brief periods of heat as is the case with most mammals, but steadily, year after year, is a strong biological device to keep parents together, protecting the young. Homosexual love is regarded as deviant because no children can be born of it, and for that reason there is a protective reaction to it by the "normal."

Beyond this, the promise that just a little more freedom, sexual and otherwise, will finally make the long-repressed world glow like an amusement-park lantern is now growing a little thin.

• A. T. Baker

Pyromanticism

REPORT FROM ENGINE CO. 82

by DENNIS SMITH

215 pages. McCall Books. \$5.95.

"I remember the day I filed for the firemen's examination as clearly as a king remembers his coronation . . . I was ecstatic that I would soon be a part of the long clangs and siren howls . . . climbing ladders, pulling hose, and sav-



FIREMAN SMITH ON THE JOB

"Burn, baby, burn!"

ing children from the waltz of the hot-masked devil. Tearful mothers would embrace me, editorial writers would extol me, mayors would pin medals and ribbons to my breast."

Assigned at his own request to Engine Co. 82, the busiest fire-fighting unit in New York City, Fireman Dennis Smith (Badge No. 11389 N.Y.F.D.) soon discovered that the job of putting out fires in an urban ghetto is actually the most hazardous he could have found, financially one of the least rewarding, and emotionally about as soothing as selling U.S. Treasury Bonds in the streets of Hanoi. In this book he sums up an eight-year experience in which disillusionment battles with youthful pyromanticism—but never quite wins.

No. 11389 is at his best when he describes the fires he has fought. In scene after scene the men of Company 82 race up the stairs of flaming tenements, hose-whip tornadoes of dark orange flame, crawl through smoke as thick as gravy, groping for bodies, stagger out with a tragic load of suffocated mothers and babies, then puke black phlegm all over the pavement. Many victims, it is true, are brought out alive—Engine Co. 82 performs prodigies of rescue every day.

In the Bronx, fire is not the only problem a fireman faces. Because the fire truck usually gets there faster than the squad car, ghetto people commonly rush to a firebox to get help when somebody has been stabbed, shot, raped, run over or overdosed. Fireman Smith spends much time caring for the victims. He doesn't complain about these extra social services; he grew up in a slum himself, and in helping poor people he feels he is helping his own kind. What stuns him, what drives him almost to despair, is that in return for

his help almost all he gets is hatred.

The South Bronx, as Fireman Smith sees it, is a prison taken over by the inmates, who still think anything wearing a blue uniform is a cop. They turn in about twelve malicious false alarms a day to Smith's company alone (in Greater New York, MFAs are now coming in at the rate of 90,000 a year). They wreck hydrants by hacksawing the control stem or stuffing the shaft with beer cans. They fling bricks at passing fire trucks and often hit the firemen. "Burn, baby, burn!" they chant as their neighbors' homes incinerate, and often as not investigation shows that the fires Smith fights were set by rejected lovers or crafty landlords or teen-age torch parties.

What makes a man stick at such a job? Naturally some stay for security. Most—including Smith, who last year took a college degree in English literature—stay for one simple reason: they love their work. The men in Engine Co. 82 are adrenaline freaks who love the challenge of a fire and take pride in their intricate special skills. They exult in the "victory" when a blaze is beaten down. In the busy companies, Smith explains, the morale is tremendous. The men scramble for the front position on the hose; they take a military pride in their battle scars; and in the heat of a fire fight they would die to save a victim from the flames—and in fact they often do. In Smith's well-supported opinion, they are indeed "New York's Bravest." ■ Brad Darrach

Supercop?

THE BLUE KNIGHT

by JOSEPH WAMBAUGH
338 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown.
\$7.95.

The ten months that Joseph Wambaugh's first novel, *The New Centurions*, spent staked out on the best-seller list were perhaps less a tribute to the author's literary skill than to the authenticity of his material. Wambaugh was working a rich contemporary vein: the life of the Los Angeles police force, on which he served for more than a decade. Although *Centurions* brought him an official reprimand for failing to submit his manuscript for advance approval, Detective Sergeant Wambaugh is back with another police novel, turned out between tours of duty.

The Blue Knight is Bumper Morgan, a 49-year-old patrolman on the verge of retirement after 20 years in the L.A.P.D. Wambaugh almost challenges his reader: "You want a pig? I'll show you a real pig." Bumper is a flatulent, potbellied, 275-lb. prototype of the bulls that demonstrators love to hate. The caricature is deliberate; the author means to endow a stereotype with complexity and sentiment. Bumper has his own street ethics: "When it came to accepting things from people

on my beat, I did have one rule—no money. I never felt bought if a guy gave me free meals or a case of booze, or a discounted sport coat, or if a dentist fixed my teeth at a special rate . . . Also, I never took anything from someone I might end up having to arrest."

In court one afternoon for the trial of a robbery suspect he has brought in, Morgan observes: "We have a very diligent bunch of young public defenders around here who . . . will drive you up the wall defending a chicken shit burglary like it was the Sacco-Vanzetti trial." Knowing that a suspect is guilty, Bumper lies on the stand about the circumstances of the arrest, partly to protect one of his informants, partly to ensure that the man gets convicted. Out on the streets, Wambaugh suggests, cops have to make their own accommodations.

A sort of documentary of Bumper's last three days before retirement, the book tends to be a bit ostentatious in such honesties, as if they established Bumper's credibility. In the end, Wambaugh sentimentalizes Bumper as a sort of repellently lovable supercop who, whenever he is not strongarming "puketots," is bantering in Yiddish, Spanish or Arabic with the ethnics on the beat.

Oddly, some most persuasive moments occur when Bumper sits down to consume one of the Lucullan meals he regularly cadges. Wambaugh's feeling for food is almost erotic. Thus as Bumper takes dessert in an Arab restaurant: "I scooped up a mouthful and let it lay there on my tongue, tasting the sweet apricot and lemon rind, and remembering how Yasser's wife, Yasmine, blended the apricot and lemon rind and sugar, and folded the apricot purée into the whipped cream before it was chilled." ■ Lance Morrow

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

- 1—The Winds of War, Wouk (1 last week)
- 2—Wheels, Hailey (2)
- 3—The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (3)
- 4—The Exorcist, Blatty (4)
- 5—Nemesis, Christie (8)
- 6—The Assassins, Kozan (10)
- 7—Robbie Redux, Updike (9)
- 8—The Betsy, Robbins (5)
- 9—Our Gang, Roth (7)
- 10—Message from Malaga, MacInnes (6)

NONFICTION

- 1—Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin (1)
- 2—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (2)
- 3—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brinkley (9)
- 4—The Game of the Foxes, Farago (4)
- 5—The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aronson (3)
- 6—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (5)
- 7—Honor Thy Father, Talese (6)
- 8—Brian Piccolo, A Short Season, Morris (8)
- 9—The Show Business Nobody Knows, Wilson
- 10—The Moon's a Balloon, Niven

Dotty Daughter

"I love all those loony old dames," Soprano Joan Sutherland once said of the delicately demented ladies she plays so often in 19th century operas. Despite Sutherland's mien of being constructed of equal parts dignity and marble, friends and colleagues have often hinted that the Australian diva has a healthy streak of lunacy herself. But it took a new production of Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment* (The Daughter of the Regiment) at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera last week to prove that Sutherland can camp,

LOUISE BELANGER



SUTHERLAND IN "FILLE" AT THE MET
Farce and pealing E-flats.

shriek, mug and stomp about in boots delightfully without missing a *gruppetto* or smudging a staccato.

La Fille, composed in 1840, is a tale about a lowly orphan girl who is brought up by a regiment of soldiers, then, turning out to be nobly born, goes to live in a castle and tries to become a lady. Not even Donizetti took the story very seriously. He doused it in music that falls considerably short of such masterpieces as *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, often seeming to be merely a chain of inconclusive finales. Before the ultimate one, though, there are limitless opportunities for the prima donna to cut up and rattle off *fioriture*.

Sutherland played the farce nearly as well as she sustained her pealing top E-flats. Faking a drum roll, getting her feet twisted in a minut, ripping off a dazzling 2½-octave chromatic scale, while tearing up some papers

and scattering them into the orchestra pit, she shed fresh brilliance on Donizetti's faded opus and the old-fashioned production imported by the Met from London's Covent Garden.

There was brilliance, too, from Tenor Luciano Pavarotti (TIME, Jan. 31), who trumpeted nine soaring high Cs, all in one aria, provoking the Met audience into a howling, stamping ovation. But the high point of the evening for many buffo came at the end, when retired Soprano Ljubica Welitch, 58, her flame-red hair blazing, her gestures still full of the pantherish passion that made her *Salomé* a legend two decades ago, strode onstage for a brief speaking role. Oldtimers responded with a tearful hand-clapping tribute in memory of the past. ■ Robert T. Jones

Pop Goes the Bible

J.B., a record-industry mogul: "You all know why we're here."

Staff: "Right, J.B."

"Religion is in, protest out. Right?"

"Right, J.B."

"We have to move fast. We can't do the seven last days of Christ, because those English kids beat us to it with *J.C. Superstar*. We can't do a Mass, because Lenny Bernstein's got that market cornered. But that's the kind of product I'm after. I want a heavenly voice, and I want message."

"Well, J.B., we have here a property called the Messiah. It's got everything going for it, starting with a steady, 230-year track record. It has a Christmas section and—get this—an Easter section too. How can we miss? And listen. There's a Pastoral Symphony for the country-and-western crowd. Set it to rock and—"

"Boys and girls, I buy it. Just keep the beat and the chord changes simple. And don't forget to put a cross on the jacket cover."

That probably is not the way the new RCA rock version of Handel's *Messiah* came into being—but one wonders. Rarely has so much conceit, commercial cynicism, bad taste, musical ignorance and all-round incompetence been brought together within the grooves of a single LP. Written and arranged by Producer David Axelrod (Electric Prunes), conducted by the jazz world's Cannonball Adderley, the RCA *Messiah* has something to offend everyone. For lovers of vocal style, there is singing that would not pass muster in the 1950s-parody group Sha-Na-Na. For devotees of pure rock, there is numbingly dreary rhythm and somnolent guitar work. For connoisseurs of modesty, there is this blurb on the record jacket by the album's producer, Ronald Budnik: "It is hoped that Axelrod's work will bring to light

and punctuate the creative acumen of Handel"

Handel will survive; so will *Messiah*. What Axelrod's work really brings to light is the fact that the sheep of the record industry are off and herding again. Not all of the new religious-rock LPs—the sons of *Jesus Christ Superstar*—are blatant rip-offs. Indeed, a few display genuine sincerity, even talent. But all of them, the best and the worst, demonstrate that *Superstar* Authors Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice do seem to have something of a monopoly on skill and taste in the field. Items:

Truth of Truths (Oak, \$9.96; two LPs). Nothing less than both Testaments, from the Creation and Fall to the Resurrection and Prophecies. A DeMille-like cast of composers, arrangers, soloists, orchestra, chorus and a bored Jim Backus ("Mr. Magoo") intoning into an echo chamber: "I am the living God." Ghastly.

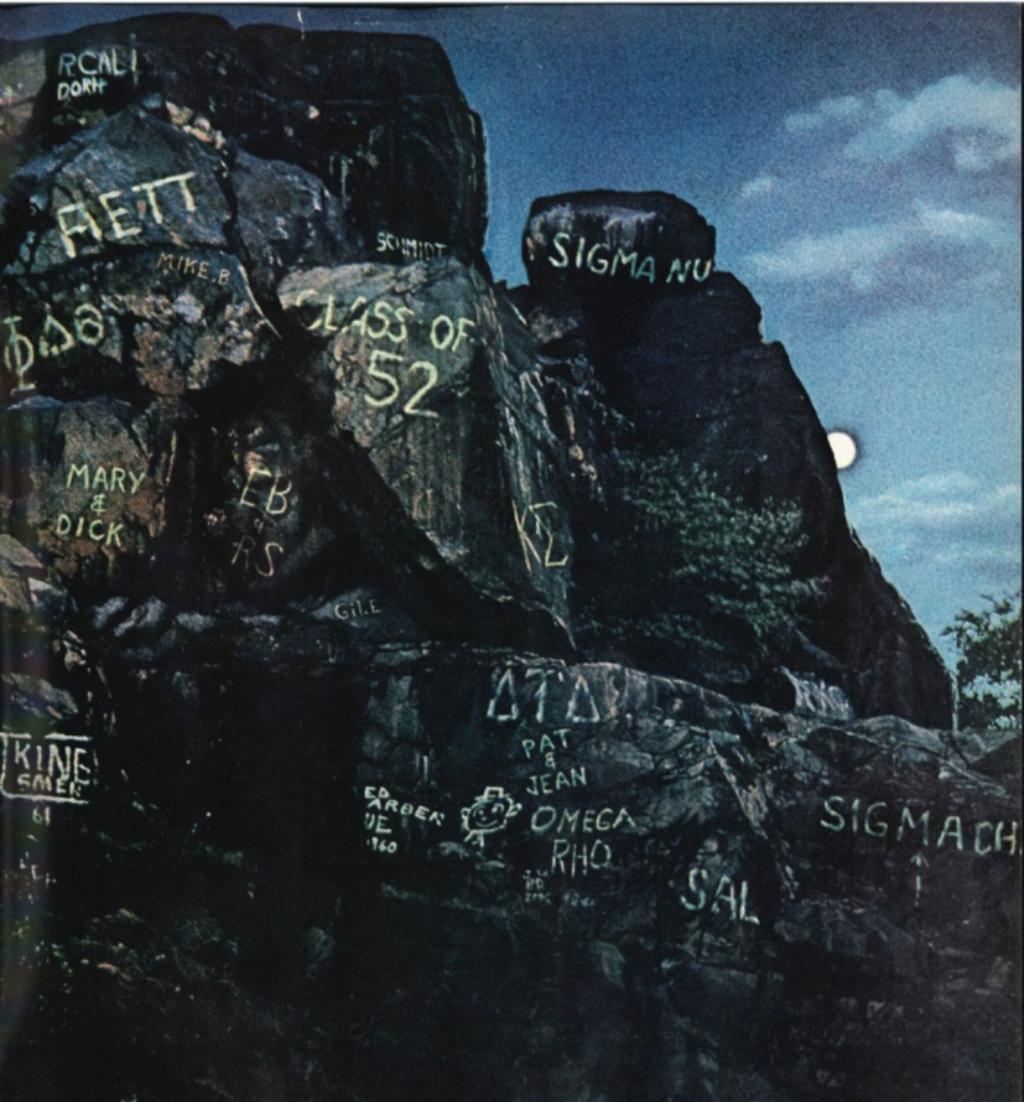
Rock Requiem, by Lalo Schifrin (Verve, \$5.98). An adept, well-intended tribute to the victims of Viet Nam, unfortunately lacking the snap and originality that Schifrin brings to his commercial Hollywood scores (*Mission: Impossible*, *Mannix*).

Divine Hair—Mass in F, by Galt MacDermot (RCA, \$5.98). Lackluster settings of the Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Kyrie, Gloria, even the Lord's Prayer, combed into hits from MacDermot's *Hair*, just as they were in the original presentation last year at Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Rock Mass for Love (Decca, \$5.98). A live recording of a celebration last March in St. George's Cathedral, Perth, Australia, presided over by the Dean of Perth, the Very Rev. John Hazlewood. In addition to being a rare sampling—for the rest of the world—of Australian rock, this is a surprisingly effective blend of hot licks and liturgy. Tom Davidson's rock group, *Bakery*, shows the influence of Britain's Traffic, Bruce Devenish's Jazz Ensemble that of several top U.S. jazz combos. Together they underline Dean Hazlewood's pronouncements with simple directness and, occasionally, clever point.

The Survival of St. Joan (Paramount, \$9.96; two LPs). The cast recording of a 1971 off-Broadway show based on the legend that Joan's life was spared by substituting another girl at the stake. Though hardly an orthodox look at Joan (among other things, she has a love affair with a farmer), *Survival* comes across well enough on disk, largely because the group Smokerise manages to operate within the rock mainstream (Beatles to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young) and still have something original to say.

Hard Job Being God, a self-styled, self-conscious rock opera by Folk Singer Tom Martel (GWP, \$4.98). Amen. ■ William Bender



If they could see you now, that old gang of yours.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch

YEARS 12 OLD

ABOUT \$10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

From Marlboro
to America's low tar and nicotine cigarette smokers-

Marlboro Lights



**Lighter in taste,
low in tar.**

Some people prefer the taste of a low tar and nicotine cigarette. For them, we've made Marlboro Lights. The same great quality you get with famous Marlboro Red—only Lights were developed especially for those who prefer the lighter taste of a low tar smoke.

Marlboro Lights—the new low tar cigarette from America's fastest-growing brand.

Marlboro Kings: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71
Marlboro Lights: 14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.